THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1816 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOV. 10 1934

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 10, 1934

THE SAMARITAN AND THE DUKE

An Incident During the Royal Tour of Australia

During his long journey from Kalgoorlie to Adelaide on the trans-continental railway, the Duke of Gloucester made a short stop at the little wayside station of Ooldea where he witnessed a demonstration of native dancing. His Royal Highness is seen in this picture talking with Mrs. Daisy Bates, a local missionary who has devoted the greater part of her life to caring for the aborigines. She was born in England, and before the beginning of the present century visited the desert country of South Australia. She was so moved by the plight of the blacks that she did not return, ordering all her property to be sold up and renouncing almost completely the civilized world. She has an amazing knowledge of the habits and customs of the aborigines, understands their outlook perfectly, and can speak many of their dialects. It will be noted that Mrs. Bates still favours the fashions of the 'nineties

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CELEBRATING A HUNDRED YEARS OF JUSTICE: The Right Hon. Viscount Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, speaking at the Old Bailey before unveiling a mural tablet to commemorate the centenary of the Central Criminal Court, the constitution of which, in 1834, ushered in an era of much-needed legal reform. Also on the dais are Sir Charles Bailho (Acting Lord Mayor), the Bishop of London, and Lord Hewart

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 7, 1934.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH AGAIN.—I have forgotten most of the incidents connected in my memory with the first days which followed the declaration of War in August, 1914. The War scenes, once so vivid in memory, have entirely faded. There remain the memories of the armistice as it was celebrated at Ath and Leuze in Belgium. They remain clear-cut as ever, etched indelibly. Why is it so? Doubtless we were better prepared in 1918 than in 1914 to receive and retain clear-cut impressions. We knew what peace meant in 1918. We knew not what War meant in 1914. For a dozen years after the first armistice I used to signalize Armistice Day with an article or paragraph dealing with the subject—a reminder of the horrors and waste of War and of the divine relief of that cessation from hostilities. And then, as the horrors lost their crudest colours, and the blessings of peace began to appear less punctual and pronounced than I had imagined, I gave up those Armistice articles, in common with other journalists. It seemed to us perhaps that (incredibly) war was not so shoddy and foul and beastly but peace might run it close. Or perhaps the insidious action of Time had got to work and war had grown as romantic as peace had grown the reverse. Be that as it may, it is sixteen years since that first Armistice Day, the most wonderful day in the lives of countless ordinary men like myself. How do we stand? Germany is arming as hard as she can, and none can stop her. The naval powers are laying down more and bigger battleships. Bigger air forces, bigger armies, longer service, more efficient reserve forces, guns, tanks, gasses, are the order of the day. We, who for a peace gesture, cut our safeguards against extinction to the bone, are building up armaments again. War is in the air. So, after all, Armistice Day hardly seems to deserve a complimentary paragraph.

THE OUTLET?—Everyone who returns from a visit to Germany stresses his sense of dread as to the ultimate use which will be made of that spirit of re-incarnated Germany which, lit by suffering and reborn hope, has been fanned to a white heat by the influence of that magnetic man, Adolf Hitler. As for the man himself, the most bitter opponent of all he stands for admits his charm and magnetism, and the sense of greatness which his personality communicates. As for the spirit in the nation which his influence created and keeps white-hot, nothing has been seen like it in centuries. It is utterly impossible that all that stored-up power and fire can peter out or smoulder away before they are employed on some terrific objective. You have in Germany a nation, 80 per cent. of whose citizens are still to-day prepared for self-sacrifice, to the supreme sacrifice of self, at a sign of guidance from the man whom they idolize. What objectives are there for such a nation-wide desperate spirit? You cannot employ power of this quality for a moral or an industrial campaign. It has never been fanned yet nor ever employed but in force of arms. We have no experience to guide us to the truth of whether any other outlet of a more constructive kind can be found, and found worthy. I am perfectly certain that Hitler does not desire war. I am equally convinced that Germany is rearming with incredible speed and efficiency and that nothing can stop her. And I believe that at the moment Hitler has no fixed idea how he can best employ this unique power which he has created, of the intensity of which he is perhaps only now fully aware. He knows that it will have to be specifically employed, and that soon. Else he and the new Germany will be burst by premature explosion into atoms. When we politely declare that Germany's domestic evolution is her own concern, we bury our heads in the sand. Every hour of the day events in Germany have their direct repercussions on civilization, Europe, England. Daily there are straws in the wind which herald the force of the hurricane which will blow from Germany across England and civilization.

TRADE WITH GERMANY.—The new trade agreement with Germany is not ideal but "on paper" it is better than seemed probable a few weeks ago. Sir F. Leith-Ross's party have brought back from the promised land a bunch of grapes which it is to be hoped will prove neither sour nor dead-sea fruit. "On paper" Germany will liquidate her debts, which have caused such bitterness in our coal, textile, and herring trades within a year; paying, as earnest of good intent, a fifth part at once. In order to safeguard future exports to Germany, Germany undertakes to earmark 55 per cent. of the value of her exports to Britain for the payment of British exports. The percentage "on paper" is adequate to cover the latter with a margin. The new agreement also contains provisions relieving and safeguarding British holders of the Dawes and Young Loans, provisions which arouse the jealousy of the United States. The "paper" quality of the agreement is not to be lost sight of. Mr. Runciman, who sees both sides of every issue, advises British traders still to look before they leap to trade with Germany. And *I* recall with some anxiety how very large a proportion of the principal British traders who have handled German exports are Jews, who to-day are not disposed to encourage and increase the trade balance in Germany's favour.

NATIONAL CONSERVATIVE.—The Government has launched its promised campaign leading up to the next General Election. Its slogan is "Close the Ranks Again," and with the available three party leaders on the platform, Mr. Baldwin, as spokesman of the largest party, foreshadowed the means by which a united front would be assured against the forces of revolution, and the good work already done be safeguarded and completed. Most supporters of National Government are agreed that we are not yet in a fit and healthy state for a return to the party dog-fight. That being so, the logical should agree that the National Party must be equipped with the simple expedients for conducting an election campaign—that is, with a Government electioneering organization without party label and with organized propaganda. In the state of Europe to-day, a weak, inexperienced Government in England is a nightmare thought. So, indeed, is a Government utterly concentrated on hastening through revolutionary reforms in its domestic institutions. How does an important section of the Conservative Party take these reasonable proposals? Very ill, indeed. So ill, indeed, as to justify one in thinking that half the Conservatives in the country have never for one moment thought nationally. For ever they prate of what they (as a party) have done; how much more than any other party in the national ranks. And now their first thought is of what they, as a party, *have to lose* by the provision of the sane and simple machinery for conducting efficiently a vital campaign.

MENE, MENE . . .—"We," they say, "have more to lose than either of the minority parties through the establishment of a National Government

THE PRINCESS ROYAL leaving the Sheldonian address of thanks for opening the new wing in Parks Road. The ceremony marked the £1,000,000 Bodleian

organization." As a Conservative, do you not blush, reader, to read these words? Their meanness, their narrowness, their blindness, their selfishness, surely distress you. "Who dies, if England live?" was once a slogan favoured by Conservatives. And who but diehards cares a damn for the temporary overshadowing of the Conservative Party machine if England is spared once more to save Europe? But that type of Conservative, who reluctantly flew the National flag, is just as I have described. National Government is all right, so long as you admit that its successes are purely Conservative triumphs, and attribute its failures to the minority parties; and by all means go ahead with the simple precautions for assuring its continuance, so long as you do nothing to jeopardize the advantages of the Conservative Party which has so much more to lose by playing at patriotism than its allies. Horatius can't hold the bridge alone. He is well aware of it. He accepts two allies, but conditionally. He must have all the credit and apparently as little as possible of the risk. The writing is

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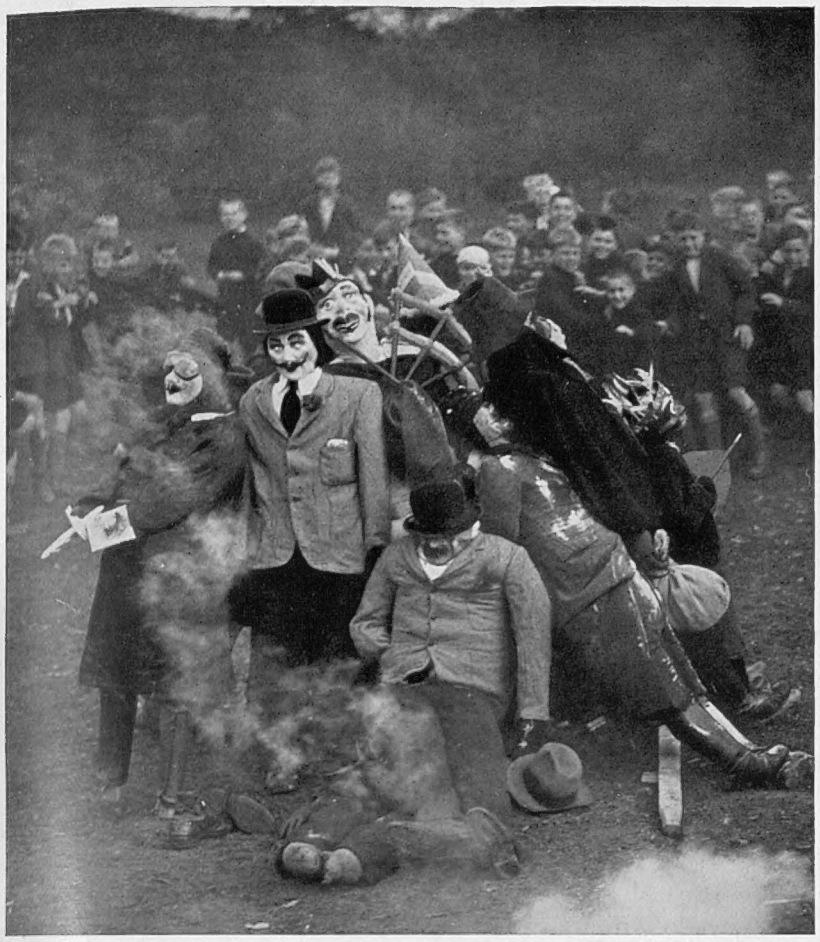
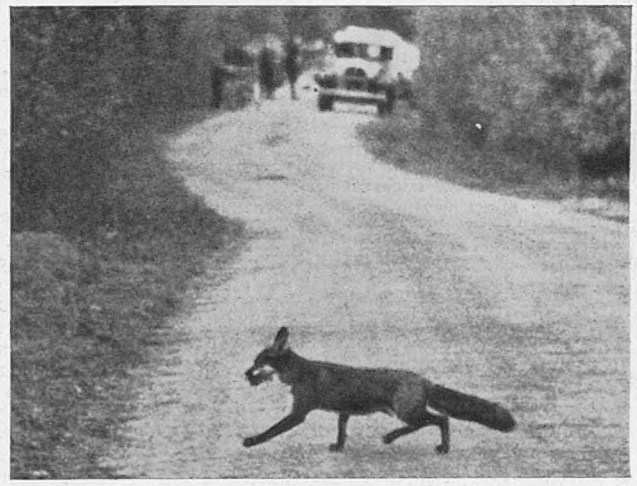
HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND IN THE EMPIRE: THE END OF THE AIR RACE



PLEASURE UNDIS(GUY)SED: Interest in November 5 never seems to diminish. This picture shows boys at Dr. Barnardo's Home, Woodford, Essex, with some of their Guy Fawkes effigies which they set alight

TO SAVE TRAVELLING EXPENSES eight variety artists have chartered a fishing vessel in which they set out this week on a world voyage. They intend to put in at various ports and to give performances. Their craft is 78 ft. long

IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL VISITOR: Aborigines in full war-paint and brandishing spears, shields, and boomerangs, giving an exhibition of war dancing for the Duke of Gloucester at Ooldea, a wayside railway station in South Australia



"THE CRY BEHIND HIM MADE HIM CHILL, THEY WERE NEARER NOW AND THEY MEANT TO KILL": Reynard crosses the road in an effort to get away from his pursuers. A remarkable picture taken at a recent meet of the Ashford Valley Foxhounds

THE "CLOSED SHOP" QUESTION: Many well-known actors and actresses were present at the Comedy Theatre last Sunday when a meeting was held by British Equity to discuss whether or not members of the Union should act in plays in which non-members were also engaged. Mr. Godfrey Tearle is seen speaking

A NOTABLE ENGAGEMENT: Mr. and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain with their daughter Dorothy and their future son-in-law Mr. Stephen Lloyd. The latter hails from Birmingham, the birthplace of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the city in which he made his name in "local" politics before he entered Parliament

THE BRUSSELS BOURSE: Dancers of the Corps du Ballet of the Theatre Royal giving their annual open-air performance outside the famous exchange

First Tremors in the GOLD BLOC

Will Belgium be the Next to Devaluate her Currency?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is a foregone conclusion that when you write about people—countries—coming off the gold standard, or preparing so to do, even of their beginning to debate in secret conclave the likelihood of their having to follow such a course, you court immediate and direct denial, and rightly so. The essence of success in currency modifications reposes upon secrecy, upon suddenness and surprise, in order that speculation and kindred embarrassments may be negatived at a highly delicate hour. We slipped off gold hush-hushedly during the week-end. Mr. Roosevelt's coldly-schemed farewell to gold was only slightly less of a *tour de force* in unexpectedness. The most recent devaluation, that of Czechoslovakia, was not only in the highest tradition of secrecy, but may well serve as a model in technique for others in the perhaps undistant future. All that happened was that one fine morning, with bourses closed, the Prague Government announced a reduction of gold content in the national currency to the extent of 16 per cent.; and that was that; no hectic financial disorder ensued, nor soaring of prices. (What seems to have ensued has been normality, with somewhat increased exports.) It is idle to bogy-bogy, as does the Paris chorus responding to policy, to the effect that governments are incapable of preventing unchecked inflation and flights from the national currency if they do but lay as much as a finger upon the latter. It depends so much upon who are the nationals involved, their characteristics, their limitations . . .

The probability does not ruffle me in the slightest, therefore, that, parallel to this article, you will read emphatic denials that Belgium is steadily facing the inevitability of joining the Sterling Group. It is hardly damaging to Belgium to write this, since zero hour lies wholly ahead for her Government to choose: *When*.

BELGIUM is a cockpit. The fate of the Gold Bloc, of which France is not only the high priestess but three parts of the game, looks like being decided by what Belgium does or does not do. If she show defection, then disintegration among the rest can only be a matter of time. One or two of these others are only nominally on gold, as it is. Who thinks of Poland as on gold? Luxemburg is linked with Belgium. What is Italy's true position? Only the French, Swiss, and Dutch are really on gold. Nevertheless, the whole seven latterly met in Brussels at a Gold Bloc Conference, whose object was the devising of a policy for defending and upholding the present standard. The Conference was a swift wash-out—it lasted under two days—and its local effect was to reinforce the agitation to have done with pious aspirations that mean, and can mean, nothing, and to join sterling as quickly as possible. A fundamental truth is that Belgium is never happy if she is pursuing any path other than England's. She has much faith in the sagacity of this country and in the eventual justification of what it does.

This ill-starred conference was soon followed by crisis in the Brussels Cabinet, of which I happen to possess some inside details. At this writing, only two Ministers are still adamantly sticking out for gold—one of them, however, happens to be a very important member. They are MM. Jaspar, Foreign Minister, and Sap. Other Ministers are prepared to continue with the present system only conditionally and up to a fixed time limit. More than half the Government is in favour of revaluing the belga without more ado. Under reserve, I mention that the young King, who wields the right to govern by decree in certain matters, sides with the "conditionals." Not long since, it may be recalled, he forbade owners to reduce the wages of the miners in the Borinage. He is quite liberal-minded. Which has nothing whatever to do with his firm resolve to arm Belgium additionally.

A crisis in Brussels may be quite near, namely, when Parliament reassembles to vote the Budget, the present proposals for balancing which have provoked an outcry; further deflation in the form of a reduction of State salaries, plus other tightenings of the screw affecting a people who may already be among the most severely hit.

TO LIVE, Belgium must sell to others. This applies in varying degree to most of us. Yet the degree varies greatly. A De Valera may be able to shut himself up in his well-found and little-asking land. It is another kettle of fish for a heavily industrialized agglomeration of 8 millions which has always relied on a capacity for cheap and high-pressure exportation. What has happened of late to this national means of existence? In the last five years, since the depression first made itself felt, Belgian trade and commerce have fallen in value from 34 milliards to 14 milliards of francs annually. And, parallelly, unemployment has, of course, shot up. The rot goes on. What can stop it, under existing conditions? Consider. Belgium possessed four principal customers — in fact, without them she is lost. France, Holland, the United Kingdom, and Germany. The first, despite regularly repeated protestations of undying affection and as regular honouring of Belgian war memorials, has severely quota-ed Belgian imports, agricultural as well as manufactures and raw material. France has to do this because she is in such a glutted mess of over-production or, rather, of maldistribution, herself. In the case of Holland, the price level is much too high. With ourselves, the depreciation of the £ and tariffs have meant a further severe blow. Finally, Germany no longer buys anything nor pays for what she has bought.

I asked above: what could stop the rot? Here is what France proposes — main outcome of that Gold Bloc Conference:

An attempt shall be made during the next twelve months to increase by 10 per cent. the volume of goods exchanged between the "gold" countries. Bilateral negotiations are to seek this objective. The signed protocol further mentions the need for tourist propaganda. Committees are to report progress in January.

NO WONDER the Conference broke up quickly. If official France is not, other countries affected are getting tired of these kinds of vapourings. Propagand until the cows come home, there isn't the ghost of a chance of Tourism picking up on the Continent again until the countries involved are able to meet their so keen would-be visitors on the basis of a commonly-purchasing currency. Stolid people like the Belgians, ungiven to chronic self-deception, realize this. Similarly, they know that the moment they try for those bilateral agreements they will as likely as not collide with most favoured-nation clauses already signed with others.

It is idle to dangle before Belgian eyes (as does Paris) the vision of 250,000,000 still on the unrestricted gold standard—in Java and in the Congo, in Indo-China, and Tripoli—along the North African littoral. A lot these colonial possessions could buy of their parent lands! They are already suffocating under their own non-exports, if one may coin the term. As for nearer home, to put things bluntly, the Belgians do not see a chance of selling more to Poles, Italians, Swiss, Dutch; at least, anything that would count. They might be able to squeeze through a modest augmentation of exports to France, but only after infinite pains; and would it be worth it? Even the very golden Paris *Intransigeant* has misgivings as to what may be in the air:—

"Many are those (in Belgium) who would prefer an entente with the Sterling Group while retaining the psychological advantages of the Gold Bloc. This is the view more or less openly expressed by all the heads of business."

This publication furthermore realizes that the monetary orientation of Belgium now depends on what France can do in her neighbour's regard. And what has the Republic been invited to do? Directly the 10 per cent. trade increase project was communicated to the Brussels Cabinet, the majority of its members said, in as many words: "That's absolutely useless to get us out of our troubles. France must accord us much more than that, one way or another, and she must do so *à bref délai!*" Thus uncompromisingly and rapidly was the Gold Bloc Conference torpedoed.

Can France fall in with these new demands made upon her? She cannot. As I have mentioned, her own internal position prohibits any opening of her frontiers to Belgian products.

A FACTOR not to be disregarded, in connection with possible events, is the holding of an International Exhibition in Brussels next year. Belgium does not want to go into that with an over-valued currency. Yet one prefers to observe matters on a wider stage than this. Visits to Brussels tell that the Belgians envisage this whole gold business from a totally different angle from imposing-itself Paris. The latter (I hesitate to say "the French" because it wouldn't be true) still talks of the Gold Bloc as "an island of safety to which others will be only too glad to return one day." To listen to Paris, the rest of us might be so many misguided manipulators heading for the rapids unless we take heed. The Belgians are far from subscribing to such manner of thinking. They realize, for instance, such things as that the fall of the £ has not been detrimental to the average British home, and that whether or no a relative handful of would-be British visitors to the Continent can gratify their whim, is of hardly any consequence. They grasp that sterling never again will condescend to meet the over-valued franc where it is to-day—sterling couldn't do so, for one thing, being hitched, willy-nilly, to the dollar.

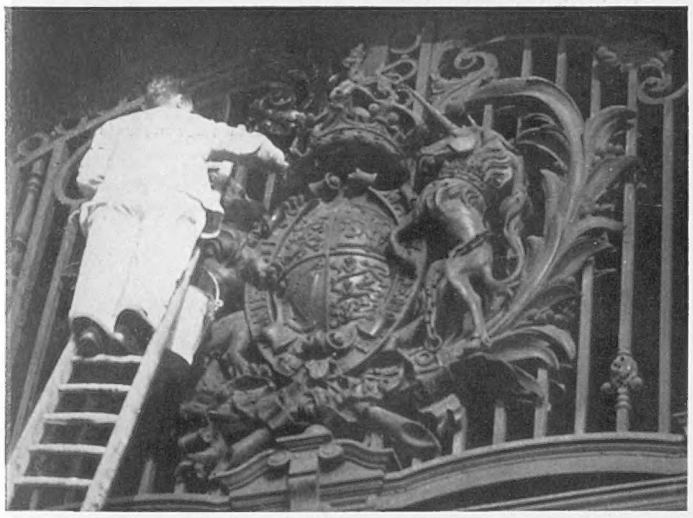
(Continued on p. 240)

AN INFLUENTIAL VETERAN: M. Henri Jaspar, Belgium's Foreign Minister and one-time Premier, who wants his country to remain on gold and is supported by the rentiers, the civil servants, the army, and the higher salaried workers. On the other hand, the bankers and big business men are in favour of Belgium joining sterling

M. PAUL REYNAUD: A former French Foreign Minister, and champion of the movement to go off gold

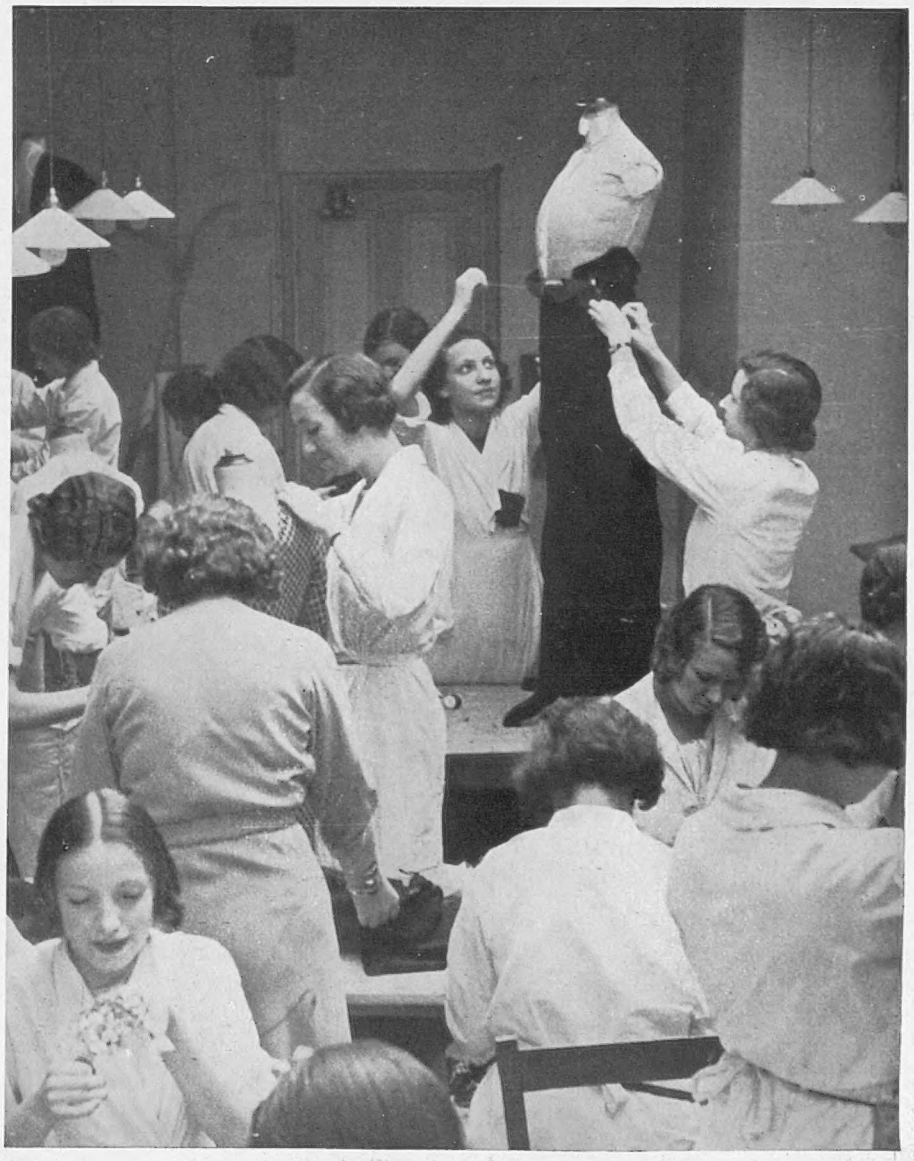
Preparations for the Royal Wedding

THE TROUSSEAU: Princess Marina choosing styles and materials at the Paris headquarters of the famous dressmaking firm of Molyneux. In accordance with Her Royal Highness's wishes the work of making the dresses is being carried out in this country



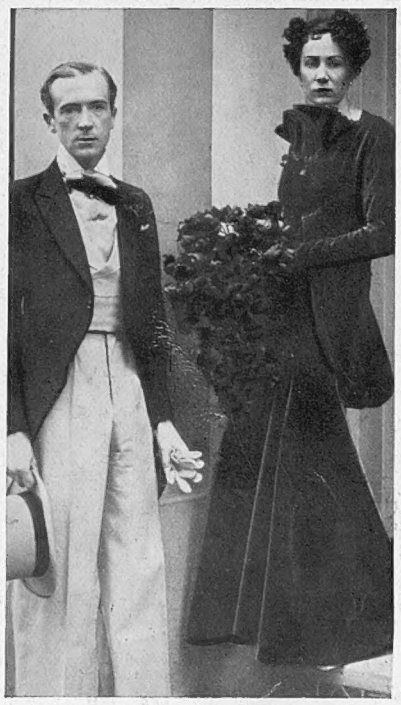
HERALDIC ARTISTRY: A painter redecorating the Royal coat of arms above the Admiralty Arch, the centre gate of which will be specially opened for the wedding procession

A FILLIP TO INDUSTRY: Shields and emblems which are being re-painted for display in the streets during Wedding Week



IN THE MOLYNEUX WORKROOMS IN LONDON: Building up one of the Princess's dresses on an exact model of her figure. The bridal gown itself is extremely simple and is of gleaming silver lamé interwoven with a floral design and with a high bodice in medieval style. The flowing sleeves are turned back with broad cuffs, and the Court train falls 4½ yards from the shoulder. The eight bridesmaids are to wear white crêpe embroidered with silver

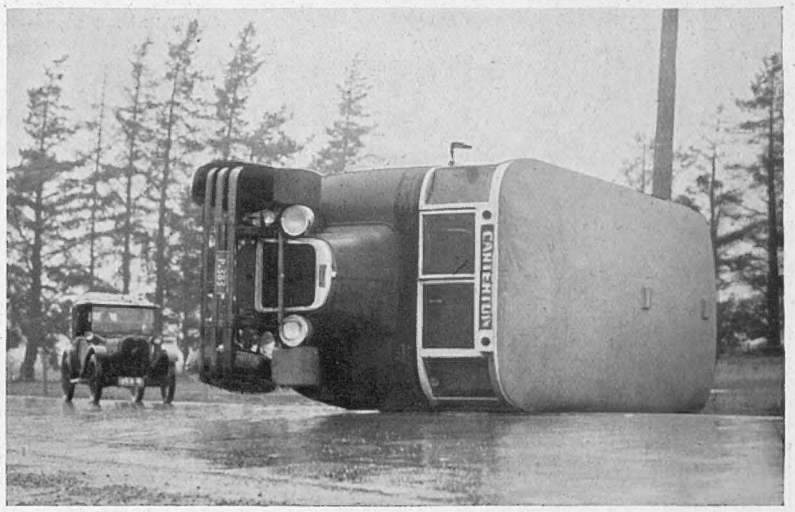
MAINLY PERSONAL



SATIN AND ROSES: *Left*—Miss Baba Beaton leaving her home for St. Mark's, North Audley Street, where she was married this week to Mr. Robert Hambro. *Right*—Mr. Cecil Beaton, the well-known society photographer, and Miss Tess Chattock—the only bridesmaid at the wedding

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN: Members of the British colony in Paris at the Puteaux Cemetery, where a service was held on All Saints' Day beside the graves of British war victims

TÊTE-A-TÊTE: Lady Hirst and Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions Secretary, at last week's ball at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, held in aid of the Infants Hospital, Vincent Square



THE WORK OF THE WIND: This bus was overturned by a cyclone while on its way from Masterton to Carterton in the Wairarapa district of the North Island of New Zealand. Although it had a full load of passengers none were seriously injured

THE GIRL WITH A LOAD OF MUSIC: Miss Chrissie Leatham, who won the Accordion Championship Cup in a recent contest at Glasgow

AT THE CAFE DE LA PAIX: Frisco, the well-known Negro entertainer. During the summer he runs a club at Biarritz

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: Miss Asta Winckler being escorted along the pier by the city police after breaking the record for the ten-mile swim across Table Bay from Robben Island to Cape Town. Her time was 7 hrs. 24 min., and she easily beat the previous best figures

LONDON BY NIGHT

Famous Buildings and Little-Known Byways

"CATHEDRAL OF COMMERCE": The floodlit tower piercing the sky above the head offices of the London Passenger Transport Board at Broadway, near St. James's Park

THE SYMBOL: The dome of the Old Bailey and its statue of Justice silhouetted black against the haze of the City's lights. This and the other pictures on this page are reproduced from *London Night*, a book of camera studies by John Morrison and Harold Burdekin, which has just been published by Collins of Pall Mall

THE TOWER

Standing like a sentinel over the dark and mysterious river

ESSEX STAIRS

Highlights and parallels on an old stairway in the Temple

The courtyard of St. Bartholomew's Hospital cloaked in nocturnal shadows

NIGHT FANTASY

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HISTORIC DRINKING GLASSES which have been auctioned at Christie's this week. The example on the left is engraved with a figure in naval uniform hanging from a gibbet, and was made at the time when the British public were clamouring for the execution of Admiral Byng following his ungallant behaviour at the Battle of Minorca. The goblet in the centre of the picture on the right bears a design of a three-masted barque and the inscription "Success to the British Fleet"

"CONVERSATION PIECE," BY ARTHUR DEVIS—the eighteenth-century Lancashire artist whose work has only recently been accorded the recognition it deserves. This pleasing example of his art is to be sold at Sotheby's on November 21

A FLORENTINE GIRL HOLDING AN ARMFUL OF FLOWERS: A life-size carving of the fifteenth century which was offered at Sotheby's this Friday

THE VIRGIN GODDESS: A large wooden figure of the Chinese and Tibetan deity Kwan Yin. It comes from a temple in the province of Honan and has just been acquired by the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Missouri

Autumn in the London Salerooms

A Collection of Old Masters for Dispersal

BOTH the great salerooms of London—Messrs. Christie, in King Street, St. James's, and Messrs. Sotheby, in Bond Street—were opened, after the long vacation, in real earnest last week, with every day filled. It is one of the compensations of the autumn, when holidays are in retrospect, and one can only look back in memory upon the grandeur of the wild moor, the beauty of the open country, or the joyous freedom of the sea, to be able, on returning to London, to walk into the salerooms and see once again things rare and beautiful, achieved not by nature but by man.

All last week Christie's were busy with the dispersal of the property of the late Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the traveller, and former president of the Royal Geographical Society—his books, silver, Persian carpets, pictures, and furniture. This week they have had an interesting sale of Old English drinking glasses belonging to Mr. Grant R. Francis, who has made an exhaustive study of this particular type of glass, as evidenced by his important book on the subject. His Jacobite and Williamite glasses were sold in July last, and this portion has been specially selected and sold in chronological sequences of their manufacture, which will be of great assistance to new collectors; the champagne glasses were interesting, being a very complete collection from the earliest time of their use, that of Charles II in whose reign it was first introduced.

MANY of these glasses have been misnamed as "sweetmeat" glasses, owing probably to their shallowness, but Mr. Grant Francis assures us that those offered for sale are definite drinking glasses. There were also some "political" glasses, engraved with the burning subject of the time. One was the "Admiral Byng" glass, which showed the keen disgust of the nation with the unfortunate Admiral who had shown cowardice, it was thought, in an action off Minorca in 1756. He was found guilty of neglect of duty and was shot on his own quarterdeck. This remarkable glass shows a figure in naval uniform hanging from a gibbet. Another naval glass of about the same date is engraved with a three-masted barque and bears the motto, "Success to the British Fleet."

At Messrs. Sotheby's, on Friday of this week, there was an interesting sale of porcelain and pottery, including a fine statue, in white marble, by Bertel Thorwaldsen, of Venus Victrix, which had been acquired direct from the sculptor by the ancestor of the present owner. There was also a charming carved wood figure of a Florentine girl, early fifteenth century.

The first important sale of Old Masters takes place at Sotheby's on November 21, consisting largely of some fine Dutch paintings belonging to the late Sir G. H. Scott, and the Maynard Collection removed from Easton Lodge, Essex. The Maynard family lived at Easton from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir Henry Maynard, secretary to Lord Burghley, built the original house. They were subsequently ennobled, but the last Viscount died in 1865. The fine picture by Beechey, of Charles, second Viscount Maynard, shows him at full length in hunting costume, carrying whip and horn. The Dutch pictures include works of Jacob van Ruysdael, Van der Neer, Philip de Koninck, and one by Franz Hals, "The Merry Toper."

B. H.

EUROPE EN FÊTE: Pageantry and Procession in France, Germany, and Italy

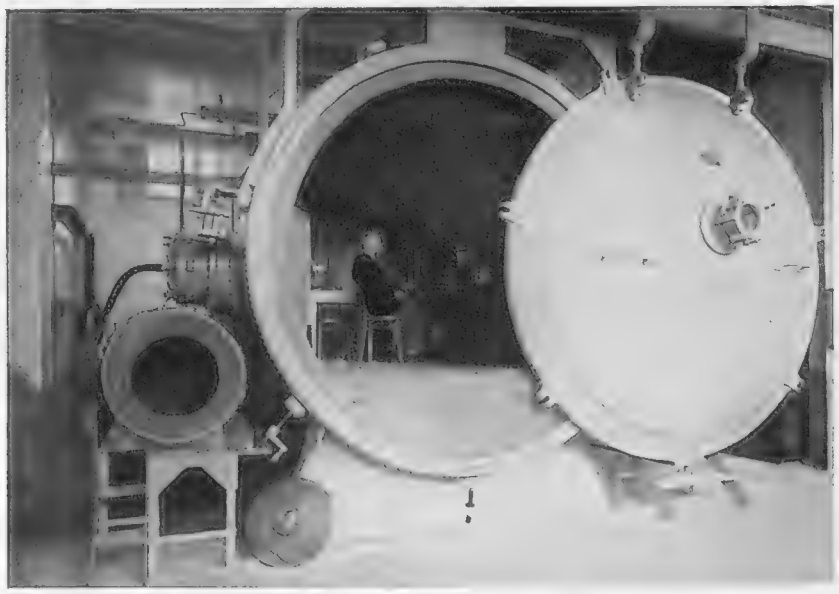
AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT IN FRANCE'S NORTHERN METROPOLIS: A model of the cathedral of Notre Dame de la Treille, which was drawn in the procession through Lille. The building was designed in 1855 in the style of the thirteenth century by William Burges, an English architect

IN THE SHADOW OF THE COLOSSEUM: Signor Mussolini reviewing Italian athletes in the Via dei Trionfi on October 28—the twelfth anniversary of the March on Rome

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF GERMAN LIFE: Representatives of the various trades processing with their banners through the streets of Brunswick on "Artisans' Day"

TESTING WOULD-BE PILOTS

An Important Innovation at Le Bourget Aerodrome, Paris



HIGH-FLYING CONDITIONS REPRODUCED: These pictures give some idea of the rigid examination would-be pilots have to undergo in France before they are allowed to take the air. This illustration shows the special compartment, designed by Professor Garsaux, in which candidates remain for several minutes to ascertain their resistance to rarified atmosphere

REGISTERING BLOOD-PRESSURE: Another essential physical fitness test

THE SYNTHETIC TAIL SPIN: After this seat has been rotated at speed, the examiner watches to see how long the resultant dizziness remains

AN "UPSETTING" PROBLEM: This chair is tilted at various angles in a darkened room, and the candidate has to state in what position he or she is at a given moment

ELABORATE APPARATUS used for the optical test

LINKING ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND: One of the passenger and freight 'planes employed by Railway Air Services, Ltd., on their London-Birmingham Manchester-Belfast-Glasgow route. It has a cruising speed of 145 m.p.h.

Punctuality or Safety First?

A Choice that will have to be Made this Winter by the Lesser Air Lines

THE year 1934 has seen the inauguration of a number of new air routes both within the British Isles and across the Channel. During the past summer they were blessed with unusually fine weather, and so achieved a quite remarkable record of regularity. It remains to be seen how far those services which are to continue through the winter can maintain regular running when faced by normal winter bad weather conditions.

Unfortunately, the very first spell of autumnal bad weather brought three serious accidents, two of which occurred to aeroplanes operating regular services to France. That three should have occurred within such a short space of time was a coincidence which over-emphasized in the public mind the risks of air travel. That they all occurred under similar conditions of fog or low cloud naturally led to the conclusion that the weather was primarily responsible, and raised doubts as to whether the air lines are not trying to run before they can walk, and are striving after regularity at the expense of safety.

Speed is the essence of air transport and commercial success demands regularity, but to these must be linked safety. Ultimately regularity is the acid test of air transport as a commercial proposition, and so each operator is out to prove the regularity of his service as against those of his immediate competitor. As a result there is a spirit of competition, excellent in its way, which, however, tends towards the taking of risks in bad weather.

Fog is the main obstacle to regular flying during the winter months, for wind seldom reaches sufficient force to cause services to be cancelled. Blind flying, or flying an aeroplane across country in fog or cloud is now a matter of routine and no longer calls for comment. The Air Ministry have laid down a condition for the grant of the Commercial Pilot's licence that one of the tests shall be :—

"A flight in the course of which a candidate, under the supervision of a properly accredited examiner, must without exterior view maintain correctly during thirty minutes his line of flight and carry out ordinary manœuvres by the sole use of the instruments on board."

For such tests the pilot's cockpit is fitted with a hood which is pulled over it by the examiner so that the pilot is in darkness, with no outside view and so has only his instruments to guide him. Thus the Air Ministry has done its part in ensuring that commercial pilots are qualified to fly through fog and cloud.

But safe operation of an air route does not depend on ability to fly through fog alone. The problem of landing in fog has not yet been solved, and it is essential that pilots should be able to receive information from the ground which will give them their position accurately, information regarding weather conditions along the route, and, more important still, tell them whether their destination airport is clear enough for a safe landing. For safety, therefore, the airways must be properly organized and equipped, and machines must have wireless.

The Paris route is already fully equipped and over it machines of the great international air lines have flown for years with remarkable reliability in all weathers. Progress is being made in the equipment of the internal airways, and the Air Ministry is erecting directional wireless stations at Portsmouth, Hull, Newtownards, and Renfrew.

The short hours of daylight during the winter months make provision for night flying a necessity at municipal airports, and few in this country are as yet properly equipped for night flying.

MACHINE equipment is another important point. The air liners of Imperial Airways have very complete wireless installations and a full range of blind flying instruments and in addition carry two pilots. Thus in difficult weather one pilot is left free to give his whole attention to flying by his instruments while the other can work the wireless, receiving weather information, instructions, and positions from the ground, and can plot new courses as necessary. The machines of most other air lines only carry one pilot who in bad weather has, by a multiple juggling trick, to combine all the operations carried out by the two pilots of Imperial Airways. It may be doubted whether any one man can do so with maximum efficiency.

Failure of the human factor is the commonest cause of accidents in all forms of transport. On the air lines the risk of failure can be reduced by good ground organization and complete airway and machine equipment, but the strain on the single pilot represents a risk which should be eliminated, and it will soon be compulsory for all air-line machines carrying passengers to carry two pilots.

Winter will provide the acid test for many of the air lines. During the magnificent weather of last summer they boomed on a bubble of publicity. By the efficiency of their services and their record of safety throughout the winter the lesser air lines will stand or fall.

C. D. Palmer

TURKISH TALKIES

Scenes and Personalities in the First Studio in the Country

TURKISH DELIGHT: Ferdi Bey, a star box-office attraction

IN ACCORDANCE WITH USUAL PRACTICE: A placard, indicating the number of the scene, is held in front of the players and photographed before work commences

IN THE HOLLYWOOD MANNER: The Director, with two attractive members of the cast, watches the shooting of a scene

A COMEDY ROLE: Hazim Bey, the Turkish counterpart of George Robey

COOKING THE ACCOUNTS: A "still" from a drama of business life which has just been completed at the studio

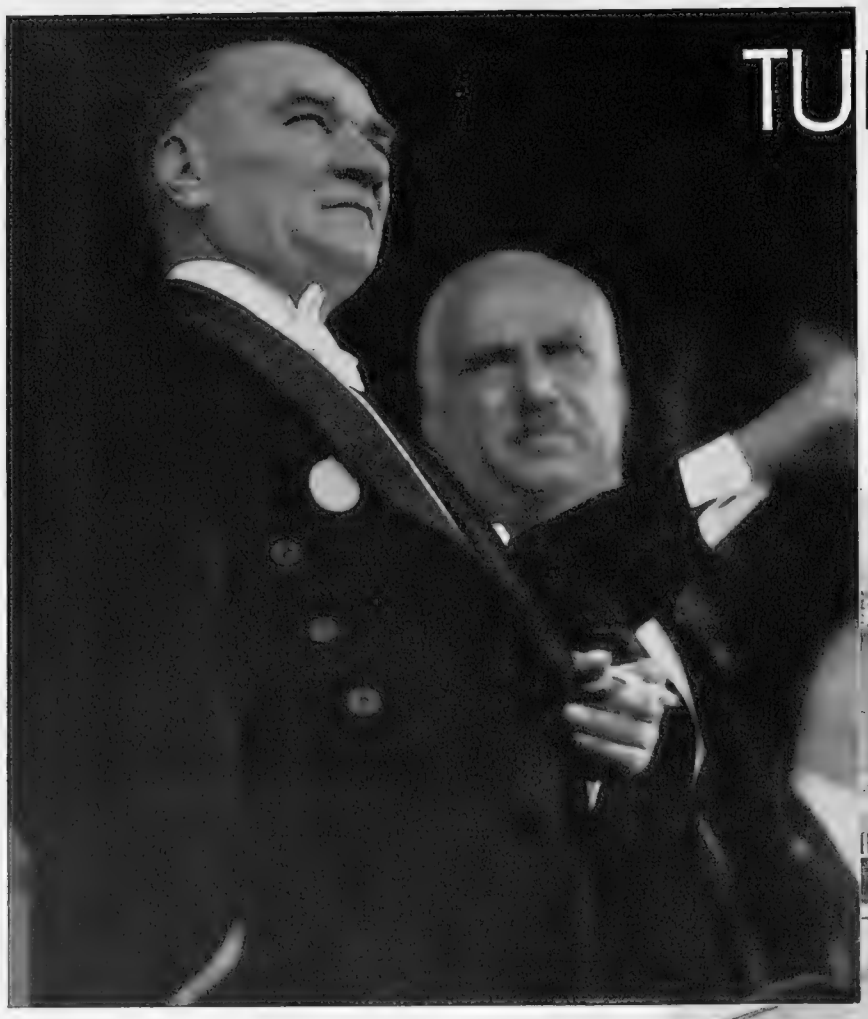
The industrial development of Turkey under Kemal Pasha has been very rapid, and the starting of a film studio is only one of many commercial innovations. The cinema has had a hard fight to establish itself, partly because of the inherited prejudices of the people and partly on account of the lack of competent players. These difficulties, however, are gradually being overcome, and it seems probable that in a few years' time the country will be producing pictures on an enormous scale

FERIHA TERIFIK HARUM: This is the imposing name of the leading feminine star—a beautiful blonde with decided talent

TURKEY WITH THE

The Most Eventful Decade in the Country's History

BY H. J. GREENWALL



THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY: President Ghazi Mustafa Kemal, the dictator who has created a powerful Republic out of a disintegrated, heartbroken, and practically anarchist State. He was born in 1880, the son of working-class parents, and has been in supreme control of his country for over eleven years

IN THE HEART OF THE ANATOLIAN DESERT: Ankara, formerly known as Angora, the new capital of Turkey

ISTANBUL.

WHAT exactly is happening behind the façade of the New Turkey?

To arrive at a fair standpoint of judgment one must remember that contrasts in ourselves do not always mean more than dramatic episodes, yet in countries such as Turkey I find myself very tempted to make a comparison, shall we say, between the Constantinople of Abdul the Damned and the Ankara of Ghazi Mustafa Kemal; to recall the glittering Turkish capital that was, with the drab chief city that is. Removing a red fez and replacing it by a bowler hat, a soft felt, or even a cap is not merely symbolic. It means the passing of an era, the changing of every outward standard; but then again, underneath there is not so very much changed after all. The cities look different, but Johnny Turk, in his village, is the same old fellow, hospitable, crafty, and instead of paying his heavy taxes to his pasha to whom he used to take his troubles, he now pays just as heavily to the representative of an extremely non-patriarchal republic.

Instead of a heavy-handed sultan, with his harem and his eunuchs, living in state in Constantinople, you have to-day the Grey Wolf President Dictator Kemal, living on top of a hill looking down on the new capital, Ankara, shunned by and shunning the Diplomatic Corps, possessing no harem, but living among a number of "adopted daughters," one of whom the Ghazi occasionally marries off to one of his staff. Rumour speaks of drinking bouts that last until dawn, and to which sometimes a casual young diplomat, military or naval attaché is invited. The Ghazi is seen less and less in public. Last year the annual reception of the Diplomatic Corps to celebrate the birthday of the Republic was abandoned; the Corps sighed with relief. At the previous reception the Ghazi nearly caused a grave "incident" by snatching the fez from the head of the non-smiling Egyptian Minister.

It is with regard to the women that the Turkish Social Revolution is most apparent. The Turkish woman is no longer a creature of mystery. She dances in public, dines in restaurants, drinks cocktails, takes part in sports. She is no longer veiled; no more does she ride in carriages with drawn blinds; no longer does she peep like a startled fawn from behind the latticed windows of some Stanbul harem.

But whether the unveiling of the mystery has added anything to the attraction of the Turkish woman is entirely another matter. Many people who remember the *sharshafs* of the days of the Sultans and who now look at the Turkish woman in European dress must trust that dancing, swimming, tennis and cycling, will eventually evolve a new type of Turkish woman.

CONTRAST: *Left*—A girl who still wears the veil in spite of the fact that its use is discouraged. *Right*—A more enlightened type

It is not only dress which has changed; the professions are now open to women and, in thousands, they are taking advantage of their chances. Nevertheless, once outside a Turkish city, there is no change whatsoever in the Turkish peasant woman; she still clings to the baggy trousers, and contentedly puffs at her cigarette while sitting cross-legged on a bench or on the floor.

When the Ghazi forcibly removed the fez from the heads of his male subjects he did not tear the veil from the women, it was only by peaceful persuasion that he induced them to discard it. Those in the town ceded easier than those in villages I have visited; there, not only the old and the middle-aged, but also some quite young cling to the veil.

There is now sex equality in Turkey, which, of course, extends to divorce; since the Ghazi, which means Conqueror, separated the Church from the State, religious marriages and divorces are not recognized. The situation of the *muzzeins*, the priests, is somewhat obscure. The Ghazi has put the priests into uniform. There are strict penalties for the *hoja*, the holy man, whose cloak is not cut to the regulation length, and whose white turban-bound fez is not of standard pattern. Kemal abolished tithes, so the priests are now supported by a sort of Ecclesiastical Board.

The holy men are now no longer the school teachers. The doves in the

FEZ OFF

LENINISM AND KEMALISM: The Soviet symbol of the sickle and the hammer hanging in the Palace at Istanbul where a reception was held last year in honour of the Russian delegates attending the tenth anniversary celebrations of the Turkish Republic

courtyards of the mosques fly round and about the spraying fountains, but the customary nasal accompaniment is mute; no longer do little boys croon over the Koran. There are proper schools and proper schoolmasters. Elementary education has progressed, but at the expense of higher education which has retrograded.

Kemal reformed the Turkish language and simplified it; he tried to do the same thing for Turkish history with some amazing results which, among other things, made him fall foul of the American College, the Robert College in Istanbul (née Constantinople). The dean of the college, Professor Edgar Fisher, was dismissed. Mission schools are now no longer tolerated in Turkey. Although the Robert College was founded and is supported by American money, all teachers have to be approved by the Turkish authorities.

The New Turkey was helped to its feet by Soviet Russia, and has remained very much under the tuition of Russia ever since. Russia gave Kemal gold, guns, and munitions to fight the Greeks. Russia was the first nation to recognize the Turkish Republic. There are reasons for believing that Russia hoped Turkey would join the Federated Russian Soviet State, but if Kemal disappointed Moscow the liens of friendship have not loosened. When Moscow was suspected of helping to ferment opposition to Kemal, relations became strained, but since 1932 they have been very cordial indeed.

WATCHING ARMY MANŒUVRES: Mustafa Kemal is on the right and standing next to him is the Shah of Persia who, at the time when this picture was taken, was paying an official visit

The new Turkish Army seemed to me to be a very fine machine, and indeed travelling east to west across Turkey is like riding through a fortified camp. Great strides have been made in aviation, and to-day there is a fine aerial fleet which Kemal is building up with the aid of a National Lottery and the issue of a special postage stamp.

A HARMLESS "FLUTTER" AND A DEADLY FLYING FORCE: Turkey is building her military aircraft with funds obtained from a national lottery

The new capital of Turkey is a rock-ribbed city formerly a market town; it is in the middle of the Anatolian Desert, about 300 miles from Istanbul. The new capital is as drab as the khaki-coloured plain in which it lies, surrounded by high jagged hills. Ankara was planned by a German. There are modern shops, one or two cinemas, one cabaret, one very excellent hotel. But it all seems forced and artificial.

Istanbul, if one can ever get used to calling Constantinople so, is a still beautiful but dying city. To-day it is just a Turkish port. In Istanbul, the former royal palaces stand empty. The great and last spacious days of Constantinople were before Kemal changed its name, the days when the Army of Occupation was still there, the days after the defeat of Wrangel's Army in the Crimea, when Constantinople was full of money and gaiety, and Russian princes were driving American taxi-cabs, and their princesses were dancing and singing in the cabarets. Possibly, never in all its chequered history has the great, glittering city on the Bosphorus known such days and nights of stirring drama. Now, it is just nothing at all.

And yet, one moment, with an official permit one may step out of the pages of the drab republic right back into a page of the Arabian Nights. All that is required is a visit to the old Imperial Palace. There, in the harem, is a collection of jewels valued at £20,000,000 which might make Hatton Garden faint.

I entered a room into which the damp was eating its way through the walls and the ceiling. Scattered about were men with the unmistakable look of the detective about them. Think of the biggest emerald your mind can conceive, and I can promise you I saw hundreds bigger than that. Imagine an enormous ruby of real pigeon blood colour, and I will produce for you—behind closely guarded glass cases—a score literally as big as tennis balls. Sapphires and emeralds, rubies and pearls, so monstrously big that they appeared to me like burlesques of pantomime jewels, but the diamonds deserve a paragraph to themselves.

Smash a large and beautiful crystal chandelier, take another, take a dozen, take all you can find and smash those. Mix the result, shake well, pour the mixture into sacks, and you will have something that will fall far short of the display of diamonds I saw in the Seraglio of the Imperial Palace.

When the sultans determined to bedeck their favourites with jewels they stopped at nothing. There are jewelled fans so gorgeous that it is difficult to describe them. Jewelled sweetmeat boxes, scent bottles, washbasins of gold studded with all the precious stones the world knows, jewelled opera glasses, and even a telescope through which the Fatimas used to gaze from barred windows at the ships gliding out into the Sea of Marmora.

Constantinople, the Golden Horn, masses and splashes of colour. Galata Bridge, the Bosphorus, the Blue Mosque, St. Sophia. Then a stripping of the sultans, the tearing off of the fez, the driving out of religion.

Fundamentally great changes appear to have been wrought.

The greatest changes that have taken place in Turkey are symbolized by the removal of the fez and the veil. The new schools, the new railroads, the fight against tuberculosis, these all stand to the credit side of Kemal's account. Turkey, to all appearances, is better off all round, but less so than it appears if one penetrates the façade and reaches the interior.

A NOTABLE REFORM: Boys being taught to write in Roman characters which, in accordance with the wishes of the Ghazi, are now used throughout the country

RACING FOR THE LINE: A fine action study of P. C. Minns, a former Oxford Blue and Blackheath's right wing, about to score a try against Rosslyn Park

THE START OF A RUN: G. S. Waller, a speedy Blackheath forward, gathering the ball in the open during the recent game with Newport

For the Love of the Game

The Increasing Popularity of Amateur Rugby

By CHARLES GRAVES

AS an Old Carthusian I am naturally much more interested in the finer points of Association football than those of Rugger. At the same time, I am the first to admit that I would far sooner see a first-class Rugger match than a Soccer match. It is in consequence with an entirely free mind I approach the question of amateur Rugby football to-day. In the course of my inquiries it seems transparent that Rugby football is more popular than ever. There are literally hundreds of amateurs who poke each other in the eye, and generally maltreat and get maltreated.

The game goes back slightly over a hundred years, when running with the ball was introduced at Rugby School (hence the name) by W. Webb Ellis. Sixteen years later it was introduced to Cambridge by an Old Rugbeian, the late Albert Pell, M.P. Nine years later the first of a series of meetings was held at Cambridge for the purpose of formulating a code which would unite the players of the public schools, and in 1862 Blackheath, previously the Old Blackheathens Football Club, was founded, followed a year later by Richmond. To-day, sixty-two matches between senior Rugby clubs are being played. They are taking place all over the country. They include Army teams, Old Boys teams, business house teams, club teams, and Navy, Royal Air Force, and public school teams. The Army alone supports seventy-two Rugby teams, all of which are entered for the Army Rugby Cup. And every single man jack of them plays for the sake of the game. You might suppose that a brilliant wing three-quarter might get one stripe, if not two or three, for his efforts in twisting the tail of the Navy. In point of fact, promotion is not affected in any way by this. Rugger is encouraged in the various regiments, but there are no inducements. Private Morgan of the Royal Army Medical Corps got no promotion for his brilliant play last year. Among the Welsh regiments which, from the point of view of enlistment, includes the Gloucesters, Rugger has always been a hardy annual. Among the others, despite the popularity of Association football, it continues to make way. Thus this year there are four more teams playing than last year, and in turn that is three more than the year before. In the Army men and officers play until they are twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old.

THIS is in contrast to civilian teams, whether they belong to Old Boys teams or anything else. Here the age of twenty-seven means that you are a veteran. This in turn, for the game is getting younger every year, is far less than a few years ago when aged old men of thirty-two or even thirty-five were still playing.

To-day, as I have said, something over sixty first-class teams will be hard at work this afternoon. Nearly all these sides have anything from two to even ten other teams playing. They do it purely for the love of the game with the rare exception of super-enthusiastic Old Boys who occasionally give a chap a job in their firm to enable him to play Rugger which he would not normally be able to do.

Rugby football under the Rugby Union rules is more purely amateur than any other sport in existence except the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. There is none of this business of amateurs finding a 10s. note tucked into their football boots, as used to occur, and still occurs, in so-called amateur Soccer. For this very reason it is not surprising that the average Rugger player to-day is three or four years younger than his older brother when the latter used to play.

When you come to think of it, the difficulty of getting permission from your office to leave the office on a Friday night in order to play, let us say, at Bath or Bristol, is considerable. It is even more difficult to explain to your immediate superior on the telephone on the Monday that you have crocked an ankle, broken a collar bone, or in some other way damaged yourself to the extent that you are incapable of coming to the office for the next few days. It is for this reason partly that Rugger is becoming increasingly a game for the youngster, who does not mind so much having a black mark chalked up against him in the office.

According to a remarkably senior member of the Blackheath side, Rugger is far more pleasant to play, and fewer unkind gestures are resorted to than was the case a few years ago. Nevertheless, the drought of the last two years has made the ground much harder, and in consequence far more people have got crocked than in other years. Furthermore, the game is becoming more and more keen and faster, which automatically results in more people getting hurt. It is true that, thanks to squash racquets, it is easier for players to keep in training. At the same time, the average club is not able to afford these advantages for its playing members.

AMONG the secretaries of clubs to whom I have spoken on the matter, I must include Mr. Swann, the hon. secretary of the Old Rutlishians. (Let me say in parenthesis that if amateur Rugger has done nothing else, it has caused newspapers to print the names in their stop press columns of a number of almost incredible teams. Thus you have the Five Ways Old Edwardians—a Birmingham team. You have the Old Croyhyans, the Old Colfeians, the Old Cothamians, not to mention the Old Gravesendians, the Old Redingensians, the Old Henleiensians, and the Old Wyggestonians.)

Mr. Swan tells me that the Old Rutlishians have 120 playing members, and are thus able to maintain five teams. He thinks that while Rugger is no rougher than before, there is more crocking because the members are less fit. This in turn he attributes to a decrease in team spirit. In the past, he says, all the members used to show up for training on Wednesdays and drink beer at the bar after their training. To-day a high percentage of the members have "got dates." As to age, many of his members drop out at the age of twenty-six. "It is all a matter of training," he said. "I feel that the players are not quite as keen as they used to be. This is a great pity, because our strong fixtures are bound to grow fewer if our best men do not turn up for us."

I also spoke to the secretary of Guy's Rugby Football Club, as being typical of the hospitals. He was a nice chap. He said that although the medical students are automatically likely to keep more fit than the average amateur Rugby football player, they do not use the gymnasium as much as they might. He also said that in view of the expensiveness of golf and the extreme inexpensiveness of Rugby football, there was no danger of Rugger players fading in numbers. On the contrary, there were more players than ever at his hospital, and while at the moment Guy's had been running five teams for a number of years, it may even run a sixth.

TO-DAY the fashionable teams near London are Blackheath, the Harlequins, the London Scottish, the Old Merchant Taylors, and Rosslyn Park. Outside you have Newport, Cardiff, Leicester, Gloucester, Northampton, Bath, and Bristol, among many others. It would appear that here too amateur Rugger players grow younger and younger, because so many have to earn a living, and when crocked find difficulty in making continuously new excuses to their employers. Saturday morning beats a great many of them. As a side-light, one observes that more and more of them, when they do get crocked, are going to osteopaths instead of to doctors. Indeed, there is one ex-international who specializes entirely in Rugby football injuries; and at the London Sports Club Fred Dyer has the

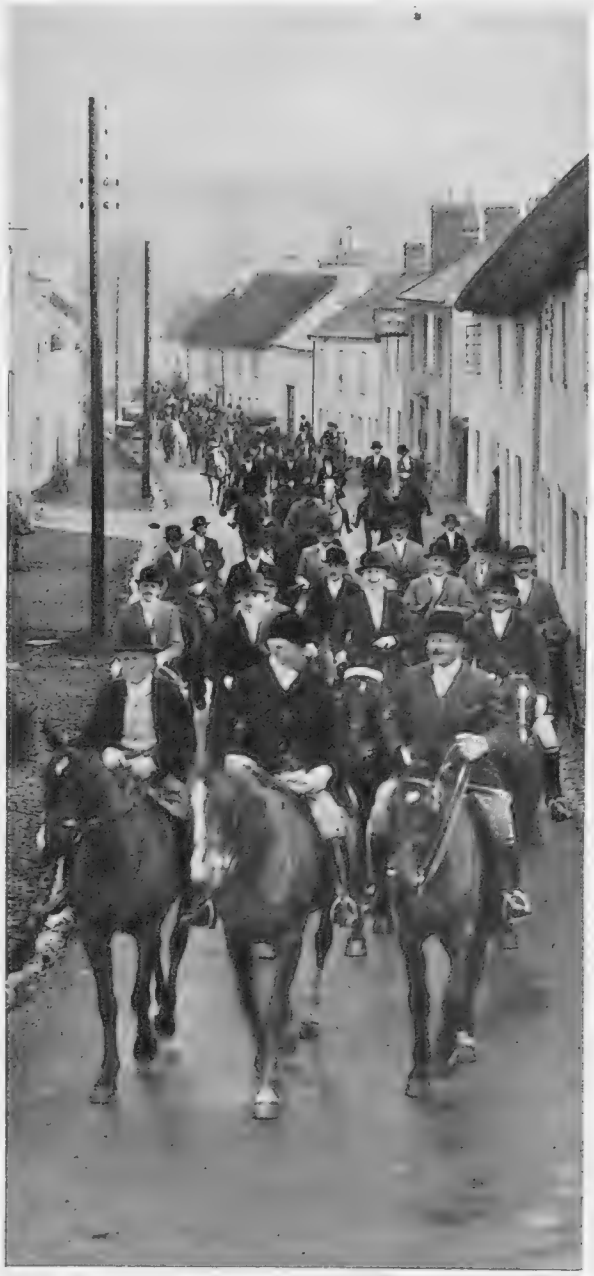
(Cont. on p. 240)

ENGLAND v. WALES: A line-out during an international match at Cardiff Arms Park. While professional Soccer languishes in the Principality, enthusiasm for amateur Rugby is, if possible, on the increase

EAGER FOR THE CHASE: Some of the famous Belvoir hounds at the kennels. The immediate prospects for the season do not at the moment appear to be very good, and in some parts of the country frozen snow has made hunting decidedly difficult

JOHN PEEL CALLING!

The Start of Fox Hunting



"THE BRISK CLATTER OF HOOFS": Followers of the Silverton pack riding through the little Devonshire village of Thorverton after the opening meet

PARKED!

A delightful study of the South Berks pack taken near the kennels at Purley, Reading. They began their season on Thursday of last week

KING PRAJADHIPOK :

AT BANGKOK AERODROME: The King and his sons watching an aerial display. His Majesty is extremely popular, and his threat to abdicate a fortnight ago caused consternation throughout the country

ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR IN A MODERN CAPITAL: Bangkok, in spite of its Western amenities, still retains many of its picturesque features. These elaborately adorned statues stand guard outside a temple in the heart of the city

AT WORK

The King, in a uniform of Savile Row cut, watching army manœuvres

Scenes in the Life of Siam's Occidentally-Minded Monarch

EASTERN PAGEANTRY

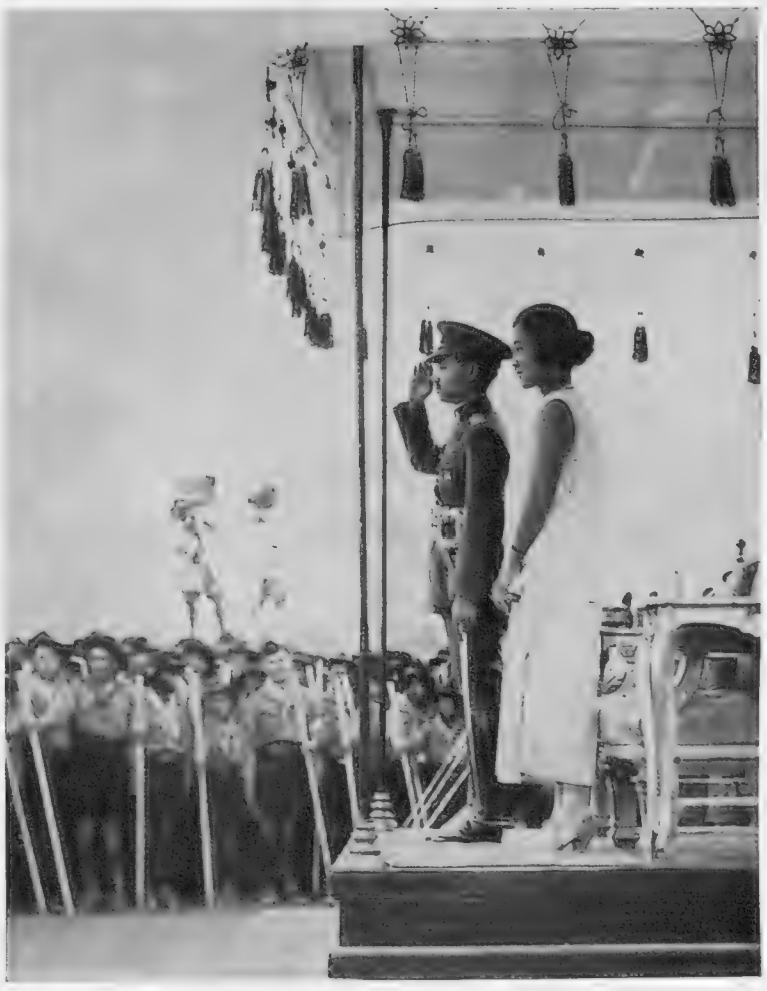
A procession of gaily decorated elephants passing along one of the main streets of Bangkok

AT PLAY

Waiting to drive off from the first tee on a course in Southern Siam

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME: The Queen shares with her husband an enthusiasm for golf and is frequently to be seen on the links

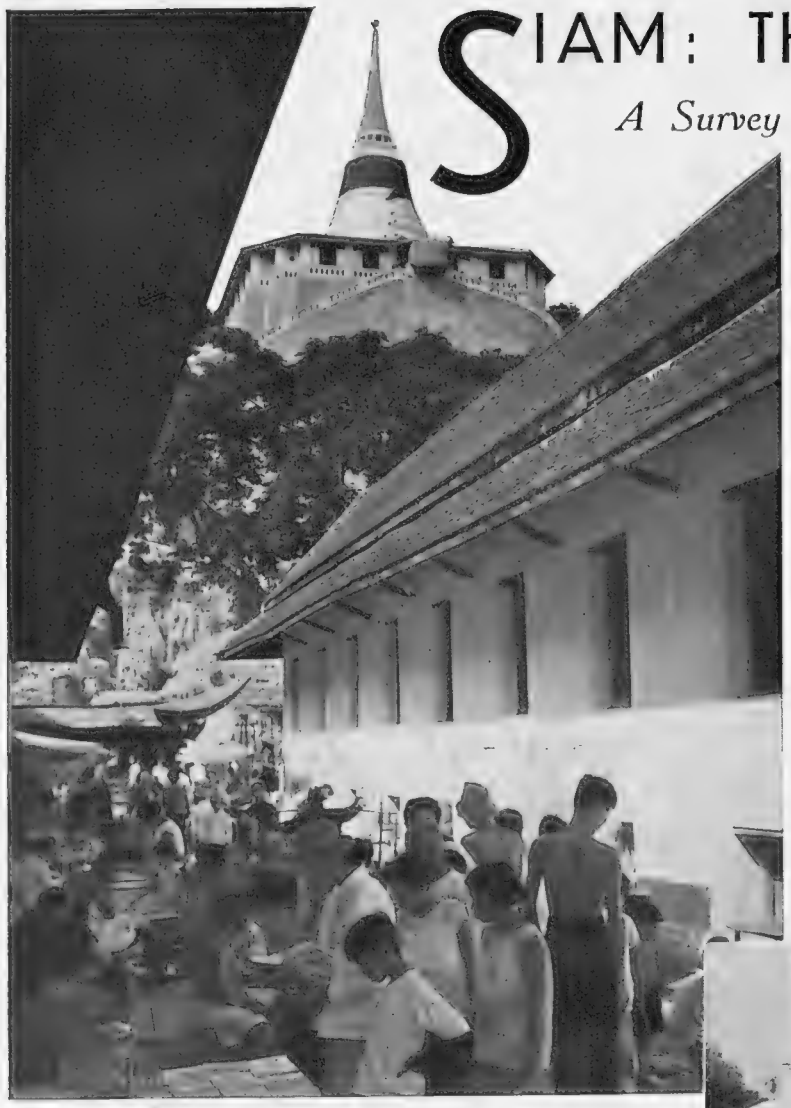
EXAMINING PLANS FOR A NEW FACTORY: A typical incident in the busy daily life of the King, whose tireless devotion to duty is almost akin to that of our own Royal Family



SALUTE FROM THE DAIS: The King and Queen at a Scout jamboree. The Scout movement, like many other Western institutions, has made amazing progress in Siam and nearly 79,000 boys have been enrolled during the past few years

SIAM: THE OVER-WESTERNIZED

A Survey of Some of the Country's Many Problems



IN THE SIAMESE CAPITAL: Natives buying and selling foodstuffs and fabrics in a bazaar at the foot of the Golden Mount. The tower of the temple stands directly above the spot where a bone of Buddha is reputed to be buried

SIAM is suffering from political indigestion. Always fond of novelty, she has been put by her present rulers on a diet of Western progress and democratic ideals which she is assimilating so rapidly as to preclude sufficient mastication. Hence the body politic has suffered no less than three attacks of "malaise"—bloodless but significant revolutions—within the last three years. It has all been a struggle for power between those who want "full steam ahead" and those whose motto is "festina lente." By his recent threats of abdication, His Majesty King Prajadhipok has called attention to the serious view he takes of the present tendencies of Siam.

Three short years ago the King was an absolute monarch and under him a Cabinet composed of Princes of the Royal blood, mostly educated in Europe and many in England, controlled the various Ministries which functioned to everybody's satisfaction. Under them there worked, contentedly enough, a host of young men drawn from the upper and middle classes who had also, by State aid through scholarships or by private means, received a training in the schools of Europe and America.

The financial crisis of 1932 threw the whole machine out of gear. The army, an intensely patriotic yet definitely democratic service, engineered a *coup d'état* as the result of which the King eventually granted a constitution to the Siamese people. Change succeeded change with startling rapidity and, to the surprise of all who knew the deep respect accorded to those of Royal blood, the princes were mostly banished or deprived of office and their places taken by men to whom power and responsibility were comparatively new conditions. The King's position has become one of increasing delicacy.

Siam has been called the land of surprises. Should the impetuous and idealistic theories of young Siam eventually result in her becoming a republic, that would be the greatest surprise of all to those who know what great services have been rendered to the country by the present Royal house. The present ruler's father, King Chulalongkorn, first set the country's steps on the path of progress, and his successors have inherited his desire to steer a middle course between Asiatic culture and Western civilization. The popularity of the present King is deep-rooted and beyond question.

Those who do not know the country will find it difficult to believe that Bangkok possessed trams before they were known in the streets of Birmingham. One imagines travel up-country on the backs of elephants or in a bullock-cart, but the luxurious train, complete with sleeping-cabins, shower-baths, and restaurant-car, and drawn by the latest type of Diesel-electric engines, which takes us from Bangkok to the French frontier, or down to Penang, is worthy of the famous Blue Train of the Riviera service. Every provincial town of any importance possesses its aerodrome, for modern Siam is definitely "air-minded." Broadcasting is a commonplace adjunct of daily life throughout the country. Roomy cinema halls provide the best "talkies" of America and Europe.

The nations of Europe are well represented in Siam, and Bangkok, with its cool and spacious hotels, sports clubs, racecourses, and polo grounds, has all the air of a cosmopolitan city, reminding one of Cairo or Shanghai. It is surprising to learn that Denmark has, proportionally, the strongest commercial footing in Siam. In bygone years she also supplied officers to the Siamese navy and provincial gendarmerie.

Many public utility corporations, such as tramway and electric light services, have been founded and expanded by Danish enterprise. In particular, the great East Asiatic Company, a Danish equivalent of our old East India Company, originated in Bangkok. It now has branches all over the world, and possesses its own fleet of motor-driven passenger and cargo liners, but its beginnings were as a small ships' chandlers' store on the banks of the Menam.

This, the Bangkok river, though not navigable far above the metropolis, is a scene of the most intense activity all day long. Sea-going steamers and huge Chinese junks lie at anchor, while a ceaseless procession of tugs, barges, and motor boats plies up and down the river in a manner reminiscent of the Port of London. Canals and lagoons branch from the river in all directions, and that is why Bangkok is called "The Venice of the East."

BANGKOK'S NEW BRIDGE: The Tepan Hua Chau (Bridge of the Elephants' Heads) an imposing addition to the architecture of the city. Note the elaborately worked metal balustrade

Siam has also been called "The Land of the White Elephant." White elephants are the symbol of Royalty in this part of the Far East, and in bygone centuries wars were fought for their possession. The Royal stables in Bangkok contain many specimens of these priceless animals, whose names are equivalent to those of members of the peerage. Surprise is mingled with disappointment when these elephants are first viewed, for their colour is a dirty brownish pink.

The beauty of Bangkok, surprising for a huge commercial centre with a population of 1,000,000 souls, lies in the palaces and temples which are generally situated remote from the busy streets. The Royal Palace and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha deserve a visit from all those who can afford to travel.

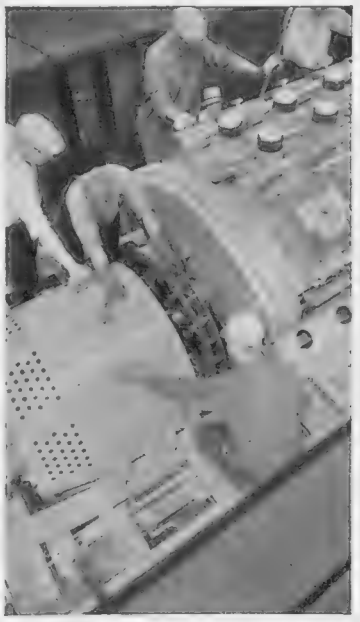
It is difficult as yet to gauge whether "government by the people" will prove as efficient as the former "government by the princes." Many European advisers still remain in Government service, but their numbers and functions are dwindling. Whatever changes the next few months or years may bring forth, no anxiety need be felt for the safety of the European population of Siam. Hospitality to and good treatment of foreigners have ever been the custom of the country. Siam has already attained a civilization which makes it unnecessary that any further steps forward should be taken without due deliberation.

NATIVE CHEMISTS OF THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE AT BANGKOK taking venom from a large snake in the pit behind the laboratory. This institution is supported by the Siamese Government for the benefit of the thousands of natives who are bitten each year by cobras and other poisonous snakes

A BULLET ON RAILS

STREAKING ACROSS AMERICA: The Union Pacific's new streamlined express making its record-breaking run through the United States from Los Angeles to New York. It did the journey in the amazing time of 56 hrs. 56 mins., averaging 62 m.p.h. and reaching a top speed of 120 m.p.h. The super-structure is made of a light alloy, and the train weighs about two hundred tons

THE DRIVER'S CAB ON THE UNION PACIFIC FLYER: The lever in the immediate foreground is the throttle of the 900 horse-power engine, and the windscreen is of heavy shatter-proof plate-glass



POWER: The giant 900-h.p. 12-cylinder V-type Diesel engine seen before it left the workshop in which it was made

MODERN COMFORTS: The latest type of upper and lower berths, the former of which are reached by a stair. They are divided off with shutters

AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME: A view of the great crowd which assembled to watch the arrival of the train in New York

COMMERCIAL

Britain's

BEAUTY AND UTILITY: A barge carrying goods along a picturesque stretch of the Regent's Canal, Maida Vale. To-day England's inland navigation system, for many years sadly neglected, appears to be coming into its own again, and manufacturers are realizing that this method of transport has many advantages. In fact it is estimated that in 1932 as much as 13,500,000 tons of merchandise were conveyed by independent canal and waterway companies in this country

AN AQUATIC PROCESSION: A "train" of barges, loaded with the season's crop of beetroot, being towed from the King's Lynn district to the sugar factory at Ely

WHERE THE GRAND UNION CANAL PASSES OVER THE NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD NEAR WEMBLEY: An aerial view which typifies the efficient manner in which this waterway has been modernized. Along the route from London to Birmingham men have been employed during the past four years in replacing the irregular banks with sturdy concrete walls, constructing new and larger bridges, and in making side ponds for the conservation of water

FOULING THE TOW
print states that
frequent occur
public were

THE GRAND JUNCTION
print showing a
steamer. The
opportunity to

WATERWAYS

Canals — Ancient and Modern

ROPE: The inscription beneath this humorous such an accident as this "was not an inrence on the Paddington Canal before the prohibited from taking pleasure boats on it"

CANAL AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS: Another old would-be passenger hailing the Uxbridge man behind the fence is evidently waiting an throw a dead dog into the water—the penalty for which was £10

ONCE A BUSY WATERWAY: A picture taken in Buckinghamshire exemplifying the way in which some of the canals have been allowed to fall into disuse

IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A scene on the tree-lined Regent's Canal

PART OF A 280-MILE ARTERY OF COMMERCE: An aerial view of some of the fifty-one new locks on the modernized Warwickshire section of the Grand Union Canal which were opened last week by the Duke of Kent. This was the last phase in a £1,000,000 scheme, which was launched in 1929, for bringing the canal up to date and fitting it for use by large motor-driven barges

ENTERPRISE: On the left is one of the new and wider locks on the Grand Union Canal, and on the right is the narrow type which is being superseded and which will only allow the passage of boats of a width of 7 ft. It is now possible for craft twice the size of those formerly in use to be loaded at London docks and to carry goods to any point as far as Birmingham

PLAYS OF THE HOUR

Diana Wynyard Makes the Best of "Sweet Aloes": Some Acting Successes of the Season

Reviewed by Philip Page

THE HEROINE OF A MODERN COMEDY: Diana Wynyard as Belinda Warren in Jay Mallory's *Sweet Aloes* which has just started its run at Wyndham's

IT seems that aloes, when they are sweet, are very sweet indeed, and *Sweet Aloes*, produced on All Hallows (or, if you will forgive it, All Aloes) Eve is drama of the super-saccharinesque type.

The story of *East Lynne* is better than most people give it credit for; but one does not expect to find it cropping up at Wyndham's Theatre in not-very-new guise in 1934. The authoress—for I am willing to bet "Jay Mallory" is female—has been described as an Englishman who has lived a long time in New York. Except that she has drawn, in Acts II and III, a credible picture of a New York home, with the hard-working husband obligingly handing his note-case to an idle and temperamental wife with the remark that she is to help herself, there is little of modern America here. Rather does the play suggest that the authoress has lived for a long time with the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood. Not bad novels, some of these, and it is not in some respects a bad play. But I cannot accept the substituted child, the baby its real mother is not allowed to see, as the basis of any play other than those which are deliberately produced as museum pieces.

Such things simply do not happen, and they are less likely than ever to happen when the baby is heir to a peerage. For even an unreformed House of Lords is nothing if not particular, at least in this respect, and it is one of those things it happens to do very well. Lord Farington (the correctness of the spelling is extraordinarily important if fiction is not to have an embarrassing suggestion of fact about it) was noble, if not a statesman. He itched to interfere, and did interfere, in matters which he did not understand. He suggested to Belinda Warren, who was going to have an illegitimate baby, the father of which was his son and heir, that the child should be handed over to his daughter-in-law (not having any) to become in due course yet another Lord Farington.

What would have happened had the infant been a girl we are not told. But a boy it was; all worked out according to plan and Belinda went to America to marry a decent and rich American. She was moody and petulant because she was thinking of her little son. Instead of facing her sorrow and doing something about it, or of having another baby (an American and a legitimate one this time) she spent her time having her nails manicured. Another hobby was to be massaged in full view of the audience with all her clothes on, lying on her stomach on a sort of suit case. The *masseuse*, a comedy part of the less tolerable type, played well by Miss Katherine Wilson, only fumbled at Belinda's neck, which is where she deserved to have got it, and carried on a mild flirtation with a heavily facetious Englishman who called her "Bones."

He had come to New York with news of home. Bad news would have been that the little future Lord Farington was no more, which would have given Miss Diana Wynyard an opportunity of showing us how the New and Brilliant Generation would speak the immortal line "Dead—and he never called me mother!" But the news was good or at any rate endurable, and arrived in corporeal form in the persons of the child's father, now himself Lord Farington, and Lady F., a most angelic being who took to Belinda at once. All was put right by Belinda being shown the child's portrait, whereupon she embraced her American husband and the curtain fell. I strode into the chilly night agreeing with Bunthorne that such mawkishness could only be put right by calomel.

I pray that the rhapsodies of praise I overheard during the entr'actes will be justified by long-lasting triumph. To me it seemed that a play built on foundations so preposterous as this must be a preposterous play, and that is what I found it. The whole psychology of the thing is false from beginning to end; and psychology stands for more in the theatre, even in the "entertainment value" aspect of it, than is generally realized.

Yet *Sweet Aloes* has certain assets. It has a sense of the stage and, except for dull patches in Act II, when I grew very tired of Belinda's nails and neck, it moves easily, if sillily. The authoress can come so near convincing us at times that she has not written nonsense that I am convinced that when she elects to write sense instead it will be in admirably dramatic form.

IN "LOVERS' LEAP" AT THE VAUDEVILLE: Roger Storer (Owen Nares), the man who is wedded to his work, tells his wife (Nora Swinburne) that he wants a divorce

To Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's skilled production the play owes much, and still more to the performance of Miss Wynyard as Belinda. Her lovely sensitiveness, her touches of comedy, and the way she made us forget the clap-trap of the gazing-at-the-portrait scene by bringing lumps into throats and tears into eyes prove, again and again, that her swift rise to fame was based on sound sense and not sensation.

Mr. Frank Allenby is an excellent actor, miscast as the facetious friend of the family. It is true that the "light" material with which he has been provided is less funny than most funerals, but he is a bit too heavy with it. Miss Margaret Withers and Miss Alice Dodd gave life-like studies of two middle-aged ladies of Leicestershire (though I confess to being unacquainted with the species), and Mr. Alan Napier, doomed to play a long line of tall, grey-headed peers of impeccable poise, appears as yet another one.

Actresses to the Fore.—London is enjoying a prosperous autumn season, both theatrically and socially, and when it is full to overflowing for the Royal wedding, as the prophets in such matters declare that it will be, there will be good performances in plenty for the crowds to see.

A feature, I think, of the majority of plays now running is the first-rate work of actresses. These things come in waves; not long ago it was the actors who were to the fore (some of them, of course, still are), but now it is the turn of the ladies.

I would pick out—although I do not claim that it is an exclusive list—the portrait of a grandmother by Miss Lilian Braithwaite in *Family Affairs* as a superb study of old age. To Miss Diana Wynyard I have alluded above. Miss Madge Titheradge, in *Theatre Royal*, has an intensely difficult task, and performs it immaculately.

And on the same high level as these is the performance of Miss Claire Luce in *Vintage Wine*. Miss Luce has hitherto been known to us mainly as a graceful mover in musical plays, though she showed her mettle as an actress in *Burlesque*, in which she made her London debut. At Daly's she displays a rare command of pathos and dramatic power, and she has—what so many young actresses lack—repose.

Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Adrianne Allen, in *The Shining Hour*, show themselves to be of the same brilliant fellowship.

Music.—The season has started well, with large audiences for the B.B.C. symphony concerts and for the two concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society. This veteran society, after over a century of, usually, troublous existence, seems to be on firm financial ground at last, and a director informs me that the outlook is more than promising.

Owing to the illness of Sir Thomas Beecham, who suffers from gout and overwork (both incurable), the second "Phil" concert was conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, and it proved that the classics—Mozart and Haydn—can attract the multitude, provided the multitude can reckon on having a first-rate interpretation of them.

The only modern item in the programme was Ravel's *pastiche* of Couperin; this exquisite dance music formed the ballet in *The Du Barry* when, with the ill-fated Anny Ahlers as the heroine, that piece was performed at His Majesty's.

Ballet.—I enjoyed the revival at Sadler's Wells of Tchaikowsky's *Casse Noisette* suite. This is more Christmas than Autumn fare, though the night I saw it the weather was chilly enough. The battle between the toy soldiers and the mice is sheer pantomime of the most delicious type. I am rather tired of ballets in which dolls come to life—this happens in about nineteen ballets out of twenty—but here the process is given an original touch. Marhova (which is not her name) dances so exquisitely that she is worthy of the adopted termination of "ova," and Miss Beatrice Appleyard—nothing Russian about that name—is another first-rate dancer.

"AS YOU DESIRE ME": Jean Forbes-Robertson and Clifford Bartlett in the Pirandello play which the former is presenting at the Royalty

Pictures from the Provinces

"THE PENNY-TWO-HA'PENNY": Eighty-year-old Mr. Arthur Gregory of Bishop's Sutton, Hampshire, out for a spin on his old-fashioned tricycle—one of the few of its kind still in existence

DOING IT IN STYLE

This young lady, armed with the necessary gear and riding a sturdy cob, is seen about to start on a shrimping expedition at Ramsgate

JOURNEY'S END: Councillor Ainsworth of Ribbleton, Lancashire, seen after completing a 700-mile ride from John o'Groats to Land's End. He did it for a wager

WINTER SPORT ON SURREY SLOPES: Rolling the first snowball of the season on Box Hill

THE LATE SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AND HIS FAMILY: A group taken at his Hampstead home in 1923. In the centre is Daphne du Maurier who has just written a life of her father, which is published by Victor Gollancz and reviewed on this page

The World of Books

Reviews by VERNON FANE

IN his fourth volume of WAR MEMOIRS (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s.) Mr. Lloyd George continues with his period of War Premiership which was beginning when he left us with Volume III. Very quickly he warms to his subject, which is a survey of the theatres of War in 1917, the conflict of the Eastern and Western offensive protagonists (with the comment that "nothing and nobody could have saved the Turk from complete collapse in 1915 and 1916 except our General Staff"), the Austrian Peace overtures, the abortive Stockholm Conference, the Imperial War Cabinet, the creation of new Ministries, and the disastrous Passchendaele attack.

The truly appalling slaughter and terrible waste of lives and material in this offensive, in which men were literally drowned in mud (and ground gained by deeds of indescribable heroism was afterwards yielded to the enemy in a few hours) was, according to Mr. Lloyd George, the direct responsibility of Haig and Robertson.

Pétain was opposed to it; many British Generals, including Plumer, were against it; but, the author alleges, by direct misrepresentation the Commander-in-Chief and the Chief of Staff bamboozled the Cabinet into agreeing to it. Haig's assurance was that he "had no intention of entering into a tremendous offensive including heavy losses."

Then why, when the dreadful truth was known at last, did he not dismiss Haig and Robertson? Mr. Lloyd George anticipates that question by stating that while he had it in his mind, he was hampered by misleading *communiqués*, issued to the public (and calculated to make them believe that non-existent victories had been won) and by a pledge he had given to interfere as little as possible with the High Command. Instead he threw himself into the task of the creation of the Inter-Allied War Council which secured unity of command which persisted up to the final peace.

The volume ends with a summary of the 1917 campaign, with America's entry into the War, and a glowing tribute to the part the Navy was playing in the general balance of gains and losses.

To the remnants of a War generation this volume will make grim reading: let us hope that it contains sufficient warning to those who follow after.

Volume II of EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) reveals Mr. H. G. Wells on the threshold of his literary career. *Love and Mr. Lewisham* was just about to be published, and just about half the volume is pure reminiscence (with one digression on "writings about sex"), and is illustrated with highly individual (and not always very clear) thumbnail sketches.

For one sort of reader this is by far the most interesting part of the entire work, but good Wellsians will agree that a lot of it has been done before, and done better. Diverting, too, is the spectacle of the later Wells appraising the work of the earlier ditto, and to note where the emphases of approbation and discard lie.

The second half of this volume is ominously titled "The Idea of a Planned World," with the author at his old game of thinking aloud. Not that we should object to Mr. Wells thinking aloud; he has been doing it for years (and reaped a handsome reward for doing it). Of course, he keeps up the fiction of autobiography, carrying the pattern of his life through, but there are the inevitable digressions, highly speculative, mostly inconclusive.

None but the most captious of critics would deny Mr. Wells's essential *readableness*. He is a born writer, always vivid, alive, compelling attention even at his most irritating. I shall continue to go on reading every word he cares to publish, even though I am tempted to sigh, with an eminent Edwardian, that it must be dreadful not to be able not to prophesy.

I knew Gerald du Maurier well, and after he died, when it became inevitable that someone would attempt a biography, I thought I knew the kind of book that should be written about him. The difficulties would be considerable because it would have to capture those intangible things about him that only a person of intimate perception could realize, and only a writer of distinction could express.

It then seemed to me improbable that such a biography would mature, because biographers are rarely on level terms with their subjects, and either prudence or an excess of virtuosity leads them to draw out of focus or, on the other hand, there is the danger of an unimpassioned catalogue of dates and facts.

GERALD: A PORTRAIT (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is neither of these things. It is written by Gerald du Maurier's daughter, Daphne, perhaps of his three children the one who was most close to him in temperament, and who is clear-sighted enough to write about him without sentimentality or equally unreal cynicism. There is instead a simplicity and a sincere emotion that raise the book far above anything I have ever seen attempted in biography. And how like Gerald:—

"How little one knew about one's family. How little one knew about anyone. How little, deep down, one really knew about oneself. He wished he knew more about birds. He wished he knew what went on at the back of a bird's mind. Did they only think of food and sleep, or did they get fond of each other? Of course that was the only thing that mattered really. The whole meaning of life boiled down to one thing: affection; being fond of one another . . . little intimacies, little conversations; humming a tune; not talking; eating cold beef and cos lettuce."

His feeling for his family was the most important thing in his life, far more important than the stage could ever be to him, for there it was only the first night that could give him that special sense of achievement, that faded and was banal after the play had run a week. Of these times Daphne du Maurier writes: "Now he was alone; this was his moment; this was his one little spark of adventure, the one time when he really enjoyed acting, when it thrilled him; when, in spite of the nervousness and the strain, it meant anything at all."

Gerald's friends, those who touched his life most nearly, are drawn with the same discernment. Of Viola Tree she writes, "He had one friend who, with real perception, saw . . . that he could harness his brain and his spark of brilliance to the command of his own will." And again, on a different note, "Perhaps the most typical Viola-ism was the time she fell into Fowey harbour, and dressed all wrong in a narrow satin skirt that clung to her ankles, and a large picture hat, she swam round in circles calling out, 'lovely, lovely,' and emerged at last a dripping, curious figure, picture hat a little askew, and satin skirt covered in straw and mackerel scales."

Gladys Cooper "was the one woman in the world who made him feel less than his usual height, and he had a delightful and wholesome fear in her presence." And of Edgar Wallace: "His was a very compelling and somehow tragic personality . . . his generosity and true kindness will never be forgotten; nor will that calm, impassive face, nor the dead-blue eyes, nor the inevitable cigarette-holder and the crumbling ash, and the nervy, ceaseless tap-tapping of his fingers upon the desk before him. . . . Edgar's genius lay very near the border-line."

This book is a remarkable piece of writing from any point of view; the story of a life by the most intimate and yet the most detached of biographers; the story of a man who was something more than a popular actor; a man with a rare quality of light, of generous impulses; a man of courage behind a simulated instability; a man of whom I never heard anybody say a mean thing; a man who lighted and adorned the world he lived in, and dying, left it poor indeed.

The reminiscences of a modest man, disclaiming any "literary merit" but nevertheless revealing himself a master of clear-cut statement and descriptive ability, are contained in HIMALAYAN WANDERER, by Brig.-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce (Maclehose. 12s. 6d.).

In 1918 General Bruce was told by a Medical Board that he should "go home and lead a quiet, regular life." On no account should he attempt to walk up hill. His retort was to lead two Mount Everest expeditions.

Illustrated with some remarkable photographs the author here sets down his own vivid descriptions of the various Himalayan expeditions he had been engaged upon, his experiences as a Gurkha officer, both on the North-West Frontier and at Gallipoli, as well as other details of an eventful life. No wonder that General Bruce is something of a legendary figure among his beloved Gurkhas and among the tribes of the frontier. A born leader, a good companion, and a great man.

THE STORY OF EDWARD, by John Weir (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), is dedicated to Anne "from an uncle who can't draw horses."

Fortunately for our happiness he *can* draw Edward, for Edward is a special kind of horse who belonged to a Mrs. Featherstone, who was very fond of a good gallop before breakfast. Edward was not. So Mrs. F. is dumped in the lake. Poor Edward; he loved Gloria who lived in the next box to him, but Mrs. F. was fed up with him and sold him to a circus.

Edward's subsequent history and gallant exploits are the subject of this screamingly funny picture book, a book which I defy anybody not to laugh at loudly and long.

On page 242 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

FILMS

Showing and in the Making

A RURITANIAN DRAMA: Renée St. Cyr as Isabelle in René Clair's latest film, *Le Dernier Milliardaire*, which was presented in aid of charity at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, last Monday

BLONDE LOVELINESS: Frances Day, who plays the lead with Leslie Henson in the new Gainsborough comedy, *Oh, Daddy*, which will probably be seen in the West End next month

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TRAGEDY: Madeleine Carroll as Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, the ill-fated sister of George III, in *The Dictator*—an historical film now being made by Toeplitz Productions, Ltd. The Queen died in 1775 after having lived in exile for three years

GIPSY LOVE: Jean Parker and Charles Boyer in *Caravan*—the first picture made in Hollywood by Erik Charell—which had its European première at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair, this week. There is a supporting cast of 3,000 and the production is claimed to be one of the most expensive that has come from America of recent years

STARRING IN "THE DICTATOR": Clive Brook who takes the part of Dr. Johann Struensee, the obscure physician who, in 1768, rose to be the leading power in Denmark and sought to free the country from Russian influence. His reforms were unpopular and, as a result of a Court intrigue against himself and the Queen, he was charged with treason and beheaded

Expressions of To-day

Snapshots at Random

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

Lady Mary Dunn grapples with the problems of wide-angle photography

Jane Carr at the microphone during a Henry Hall guest-night at the B.B.C.

A SMILE ON THE AIR

A BULL'S-EYE VIEW

Fräulein Jack Reppert-Bismarck, the well-known German artist, at archery practice in her garden

Mrs. A. C. Lace helping to wheel her husband's car to the starting line at Brooklands

THE ACME OF MODERNITY

Scaioni

GLAMOROUS CLOTHES

For Leisure Hours

A dressing-gown that is as soft and warm as feathers and that is infinitely flattering is a most enviable possession. That this description very aptly fits the one photographed above is quite obvious. Made in peach-coloured chenille velvet which has a lace-like pattern, it has a lavish collar and cuffs of marabout, and it costs nine and a half guineas at Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus. For breakfasting in bed, a short matching jacket, shaped to the waist, with a large flat collar of marabout, is priced at four and a half guineas

At the foot of this page is sketched a very lovely bias cut nightdress from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge. In saumon pink satin beauté, it has a draped top, and an accompanying jacket, which is shown above on the right. The attractive sleeves have insets of lace dyed to tone, and this is also used to border the neck of the nightdress which is all hand-made

A dramatic tea gown in blue and black shot faille, with a lighter blue cut velvet flower at the waist. It is wrapped round the figure and fastens at one side, the frill at the hem sweeping upwards and also edging the train. The ingenious sleeves are draped with consummate skill. This model comes from Woolland Bros.

Where Nelson Dallied

Sicily — Gem of the Mediterranean

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

CLASSIC SYMMETRY: The majestic Temple of Segesta which was built in the second half of the fifth century B.C., but was never completed. It will be noted that its thirty-six massive columns are unfluted Doric

ALL those who are anxious for a really enjoyable winter climate, one which allows life to be lived in the open air to the fullest extent, an equable temperature, clear atmosphere, and abundant sunshine, should select one of the many resorts of Sicily for a winter holiday.

Palermo, to which Lady Hamilton so powerfully attracted Lord Nelson, makes a strong appeal as a centre for a lengthy stay. It has splendid hotels, and facilities for sport and amusement, which include opera, theatres, and a bathing beach at Mondello, where the water is sufficiently warm for winter bathing. It has a situation full of charm, on a beautiful bay, surrounded with lemon groves and fine orchards and backed by high mountains, and the amenities of the city include handsome promenades and fine botanic gardens where, throughout the winter, there are flowering shrubs and plants in bloom.

The contrast between the old and the new is very marked in Palermo. You go from a modern quarter with wide thoroughfares, and up-to-date shops, into an old one of narrow winding streets, and buildings which date back a thousand years and more, houses with grand old staircases and courtyards, and of churches and palaces that are fascinating with their greatly varied styles of architecture, for Palermo has known well-nigh a dozen different rules, and each has left its mark upon it. After the Phœnicians came the Greeks and the Roman colony which followed fell to the Vandals, these to the East Goths, and then Belisarius held Palermo for the Eastern Empire. Captured by the Moslems of North Africa, Palermo was embellished by them with magnificent buildings and gardens of great beauty; then came the Norman conquest, and German rule, under Frederic II, who was crowned and held his Court in Palermo, to give way to first Angevin and then Aragonese kings, afterwards to the House of Savoy, and finally to the Bourbons until Garibaldi, the deliverer, appeared on the scene and freed all Sicily from foreign tyranny.

In the Cathedral of Palermo, built by an Englishman, Archbishop Walter of the Mill, who was tutor to William II of Sicily, in 1185, on the site of an older basilica, are many royal tombs, notably those of the great Emperor Frederic, of Peter of Aragon, of Henry VI, of Roger II, and of the Empress Constance, and in the cathedral treasury there are precious objects of great historical value. The Royal Palace, built in the ninth century by the Arabs as a castle and enriched by the Normans, contains the Cappella Palatina, considered to be the most beautiful

ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR: The interior of the Cappella Palatina — Palermo's beautiful palace-chapel dating from the reign of King Roger II (circa 1132). It is in the Arabic-Norman style, and the walls are adorned with elaborate glass mosaics representing incidents in the New and Old Testaments

BENEATH SNOW-CAPPED ETNA: A view of the delightful country in the neighbourhood of Taormina

example of Arabic-Norman art in Italy. It was founded by Roger II, and its wooden roof, in Arab style, elaborately fretted and painted, wonderful mosaics, and marble incrustations on the walls, alone make a visit to Palermo worth while. Another of the marvels of Palermo is the Church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti, which has beautiful cloisters; and in Monreale, a busy little town united to Palermo by electric tramway, there is a cathedral which is the most beautiful Norman building in Sicily. It has magnificent bronze doors, a nave of eighteen pillars supporting Gothic arches, and its mosaics cover a surface of over 70,000 sq. ft.; splendour almost unbelievable.

There are good motor roads in Sicily, and these offer the opportunity of some interesting runs from Palermo. Bagheria, not far away, has some fine villas of the eighteenth-century period; and Solunto, adjoining is the site of one of the first Phœnician colonies established in Sicily. The ruins can be seen of a so-called "gymnasium," with a peristyle and columns, some of which have been raised up, and some large square terra-cotta paving stones in the ancient main street are well preserved. Then a visit can be paid to Segesta, once a great centre of Hellenic culture, and where a magnificent Greek temple still stands in solitary grandeur; to Selinunte, one of the most important of the Doric towns of Sicily, with splendid temple ruins; and to Agrigento famed for its beauty in ancient days, sung by Pindar, and illustrated by Empedocles.

Overlooking the sea from the top of cliffs which rise abruptly to a height of 600 ft. from a sandy shore, fringing an exquisite rock-studded bay, and with a magnificent coastal view which extends to distant snow-capped Etna, Taormina is indeed the loveliest of the health resorts of Sicily. The town itself is so picturesque, built in terraced form on the hillside, with the stately ruins of an ancient Græco-Roman theatre keeping watch over it from an eminence above, and it has such comfortable hotels, delightful walks, luxuriant gardens, which fill the place with beauty and fragrance in the early spring, and such pleasant social life, with good bathing and tennis, that it would be difficult to find a more charming winter holiday centre. Splendid motor roads border the coast, and afford opportunities for a run northwards to Messina, that ill-fated town which a tidal wave and earthquake destroyed completely in 1908, and which, rebuilt in modern style, has little interest for the tourist apart from the fine views of Stromboli and the other Lipari Islands from the mountains near by. Southwards the coastal road runs to Catania, Sicily's second largest town, passing by Aci Reale, a fine Spa, in the midst of luxuriant groves of orange and lemon, with sulphate chloro-sodic and iodic waters that are radio-active. Catania has the attraction of a splendid new road to Mount Etna, just opened by Signor Mussolini, which runs through a region of remarkable beauty—vineyards, orchards, forests of pine, birch, and oak, and vast wild tracks covered with golden broom—up to the bare slopes at the foot of Etna where there are lava flows of fantastic shape and vast snowfields beyond, which are the delight of ski-ing enthusiasts. This fine new road to Etna really brings Etna within Taormina's reach and links Sicily's sub-tropical beauty spot with the grandeur of Alpine snows!

Wherever you wish to stay in Sicily you will find wines that will delight you; the red wines of Etna, the dry white ones such as the *corvo* of Casteldaccia, Marsala, and Moscato; and if you care to sample new dishes you will find many of the Sicilian specialities most appetizing.

Finally, to get to Sicily involves no hardship, for the rail journey to Naples is a very comfortable one, and the sea passage from that port to Palermo takes but a short time, and is made in vessels with good passenger accommodation; whilst for those who prefer the short crossing, the Messina route is available. Moreover, one can travel outwards via Palermo and return via Messina, and whichever route you adopt, there is a 50 per cent. reduction on the rail ticket from the Italian frontier station, on a return ticket valid for forty-five days, and 25 per cent. on the steamer fare.

HEWN FROM A ROCKY SLOPE: The Greek theatre at Syracuse where some of the plays of Aeschylus were first performed. Distinct traces of forty-six tiers of seats are still visible

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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THE SICILIAN CAPITAL: Palermo—a city famed for its magnificent situation and healthful climate. In the background is Monte Pellegrino

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FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME

(Continued from p. 224)

members of four or five leading Rugger teams keeping fighting fit in his gymnasium, but they are all youngsters. To-day Rugger is so fast that you are a veteran at twenty-seven, and a player who gets a kick on the shin at the age of twenty-five decides to give up the game because that kick, which he would have thought nothing about at the age of twenty-three, definitely incapacitates him at the ripe age of a quarter of a century.

Another point about present-day Rugby football is that there is a tremendous levelling up among the clubs. There is, in fact, far less "pinching of talent." Not so long ago a promising young player would do his stuff, and some scout for a leading team (unspecified) would say to him after the match, "Here you, you must play for the ——'s, it's your only chance of playing for England." The young man, immensely gratified, would do so, instead of playing for his bank, insurance company, or old boys' club. To-day this is dying out fast.

In the West of England Rugby football is just as keen and popular as ever. In places like Penzance, Redruth, and Camborne, and most of the tin-mining districts, the locals play Rugger in preference to Soccer. Many of the teams, whether in London or out of it, show an unbelievable keenness when you consider the risks that the players take and the sacrifices they undergo. After all, a Rugger match lasts seventy minutes, and yet if you include travel to and from the locality it may take up the whole of the Saturday, as well as the Sunday —so stiff and sore the player is likely to be next morning.

Because of the strong amateur tendency in Rugby football, many of the clubs find it hard to pay their way. Some of them are only too pleased if they can persuade 200 people to pay 1s. apiece to watch the home match. On the other hand, the players get no expenses other than the fare if they are going some distance away. Despite all these handicaps, the amateur Rugby teams are delightfully optimistic. Shortly after the War the Old Leysians had only seventeen playing members. If three of them were crocked, somebody would persuade some office boy to deputize. On one occasion, playing against Blackheath, and incidentally getting heavily defeated, the captain of Blackheath said, "I am sorry to hear that you are likely to close down. Is that so?" "Not a bit of it," was the reply. "We have got a new member to-day." That is the spirit of amateur Rugby football.

Club Rugby is not a great draw from the spectators' point of view. I doubt very much whether all the London clubs added together get a gate of more than 20,000 people on a Saturday. This will continue, of course, unless the Council Schools take up Rugger instead of or as well as Soccer. Rugger, however, is a much more complicated game, and unless they have played themselves the spectators are not likely to know what it is all about.

The huge crowds that go to see an International Rugger match or the 'Varsity match are in a different category. They treat it as a social event. This paucity of spectators in club matches means that nearly all the clubs have to live on the players' subscriptions and those from their vice-presidents and other officials. There is this about it, however. It is a much better game to watch than it used to be. Not so long ago the ball used to be in the scrum for minutes at a time. To-day it is seldom in there for more than a few seconds. The forwards, too, instead of being just big, clumsy chaps who pushed and shoved in the scrum, are now most of them as fast as a three-quarter back of a few years ago. This is another reason why the average age of an International team is twenty-three or twenty-four. For whatever people may say, Rugger continues to be no game for housemaids, whether the players are Internationals or members of the poorer clubs, who in fact are the people who really keep the game going.

CONTINUATIONS

A NEW COLOUR SCHEME FOR A FAMOUS FLEET: The *Orama*, the first of the Orient Line boats to be repainted with the hull cream in place of black, and the water line green instead of red

TREMORS IN THE GOLD BLOC

(Continued from p. 214)

The franc, it is, that must move one day. Or, better said, there must be evolved a new solution in regard to the distribution and movement of gold supplies, coupled with the certainty that any future stabilization shall be permanent. In a word, Belgium believes that sterling is riding a winner. Her nationals glance round the earth and observe the immense and growing sterling area. Enticing picture for trading! Not only the North lands and the British Empire, but much of South America heading sterlingward, and Japan claiming to be there already; and then there are the several other less conspicuous lands which, for their currencies having remained stable, have not been adequately noted as within the sterling ring, or as good as so.

Belgium desires to join this spreading sterling area, believing it to hold more of the future than can ever the Gold Bloc. Were the wish realized, concurrently should set in the disintegration of this proud and gilded edifice. First tremors are certainly already making themselves felt. Yet if Belgium be cast as the next to quit the gold standard, the capital questions of when, and to what degree, remain widely open. A personal view may be that Brussels will not tarry the full twelve months while that already scorned 10 per cent. trade increase is sought for. A further personal opinion may be that the belga is likely to be revalued, on the Czech model, at the equivalent of 150 francs to the £ as against a former 175 (but these *are* only personal views!).

This would correspond to about 108 French francs to the £ instead of the former 124. It is so, I believe, that the leading French apostles of revaluation, MM. Reynaud and Patenôtre, envisage somewhere round 100—108 francs to the £ as a rate capable of giving back France a good deal of her trade and tourists, provided that no domestic price-raising accompanied the revaluation.

The Republic's resolute squatting on record gold, is, of course, closely wrapped up with her general security policy against Hitler. Gold is a great aid to war-waging. The unhappy effect in the present instance, however, is that only about 40 per cent. of French currency is in circulation, the rest being either hidden or vaulted away; and how long the country—mainly the cities and towns—will agree to continue putting up with the present resultant stagnation, while war is being waited for, offers the prime conundrum. The attempted mass-suggestioning of the population by minting 100-franc gold pieces to the tune of £13,000,000 is the gesture of genuine financial Bourbons. If I know Frenchmen, ribald cynicism broke from them as they read that the minting was to be spread over ten years and that, as each gleaming new coin was struck, its destination shall be—the vaults.

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MULTI-PORTRAITS: These three pictures illustrate the new polyphoto system of photography. *Left*—The sitter does not have to adopt any set pose, and is free to change her expression as often as she wishes while in front of the camera. *Centre* The forty-eight miniature portraits, taken during the two-minute sitting, from which the best likenesses can be selected for enlargement. *Right*—The "Polyfoto" camera with lens in centre of framework

The National Knitting Appeal

Every woman in Great Britain, be she young or old, rich or poor, should knit at least one garment this winter for the unemployed. The cold weather is upon us and the needs of the unemployed men and women in the distressed areas, who require clothing for themselves and their families, are as great as ever. H.R.H. the Duchess of York, who has always shown her great interest in work done for the unemployed, now expresses the hope that "at least 100,000 garments may be knitted in answer to the National Knitting Appeal," and the Duchess has started to knit a garment. Already parcels are arriving at 145, Piccadilly, where, in her own home, the Duchess has placed a room at the disposal of contributors. All gifts are to be sent to the Duchess at this address, labelled, "The Lady in Waiting to the Duchess of York, 145, Piccadilly, London, W.1," and marked "National Knitting Appeal." The garments can be of any quality and in any quantity, but men's and boy's pullovers and cardigans are specially needed. Every garment will reach someone for whom it will be an essential. The Personal Service League, which is an emergency voluntary organization, dealing with the need of clothing among the unemployed, is to carry out the distribution through its depots in the distressed areas. All inquiries with reference to the National Knitting Appeal should be made to the Secretary, National Knitting Appeal, 38, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. Telephone: SLOane 6291.

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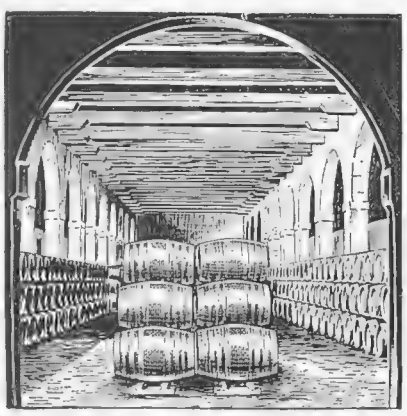

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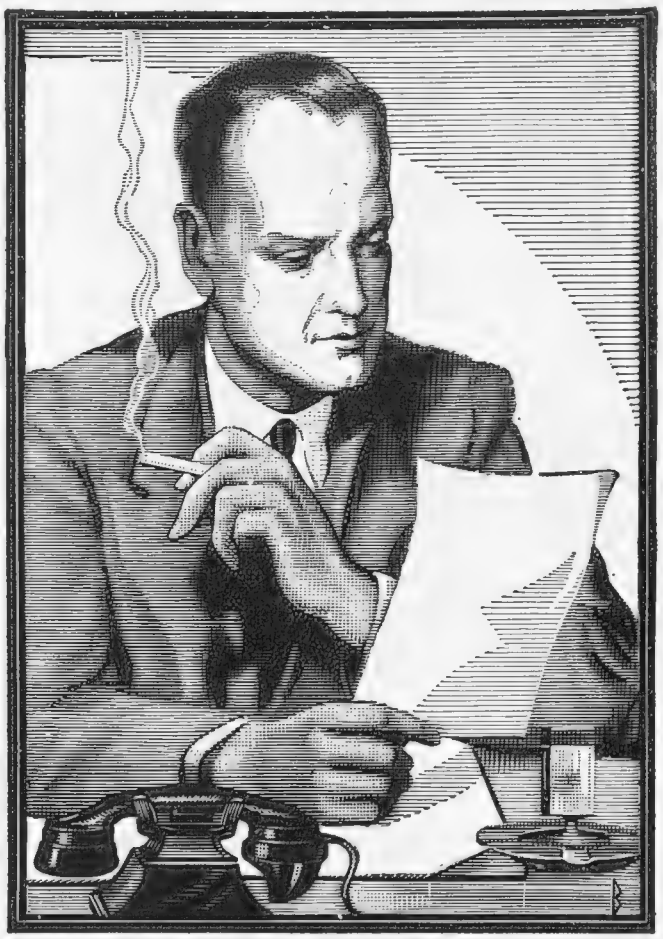

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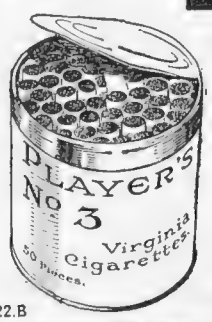

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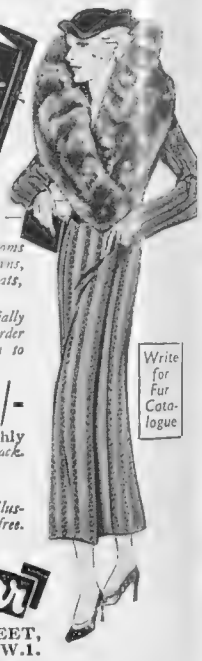

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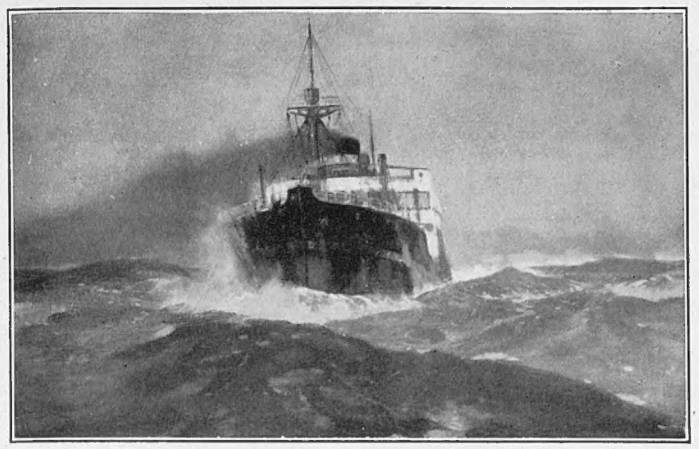

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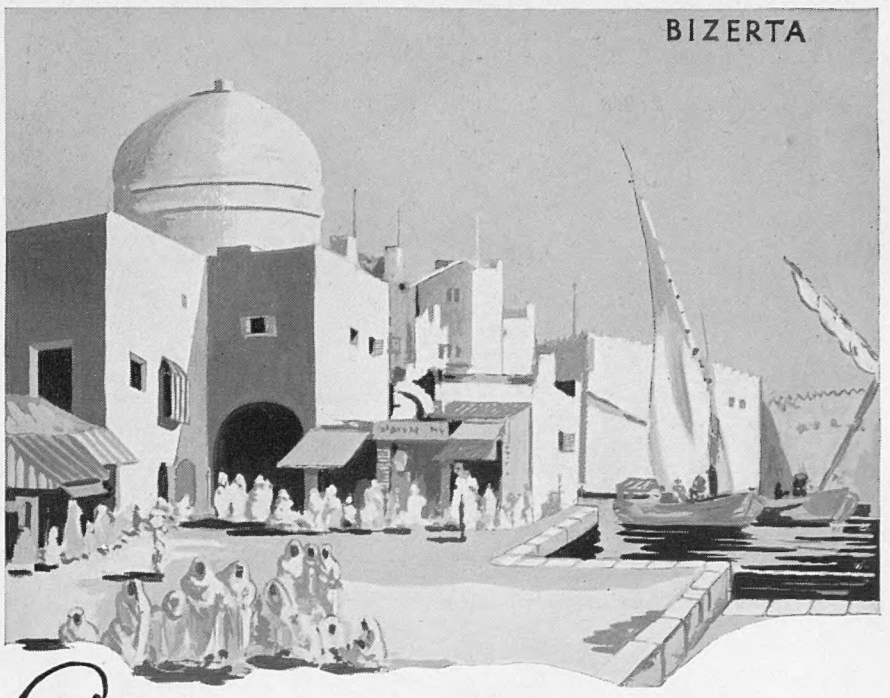

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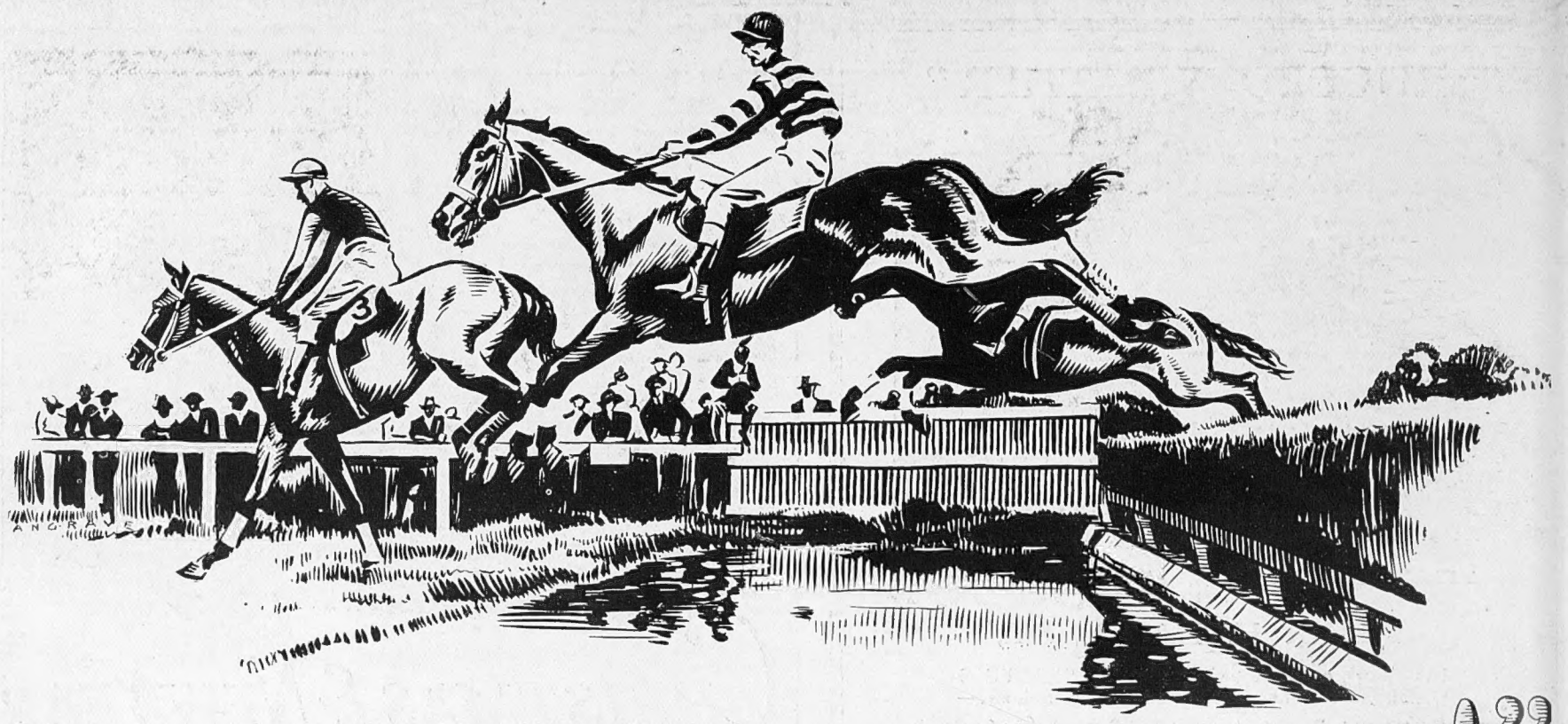

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To make any attempt at describing the entertainment which you must enjoy from reading the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC would be extremely difficult. We therefore content ourselves by suggesting that you order it from your regular newsagent this week or get it at the bookstall on your way home. But we also invite you to read the sporting offer below. If you take advantage of it—as you should—we believe you will want to enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC every week; and of course, this is a paper you can pass on to friends living near to your home, and overseas.

Contributors to the SPORTING & DRAMATIC include:

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BIG GAME	*Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Brig. Gen. R. G. Burton.*
BLOODSTOCK BREEDING	*Cecil Leveson Gower.*
COUNTRY HOUSE	*Sir Edward Anson, Bart.*
DOGS	*A. Croxton Smith. Leslie Sprake (Gundogs). Colonel Hubert Wilson (Hound Breeding).*
FIELD TRIALS	*Colonel Hubert Wilson.*
GOLF	*"A Roving Player." Miss Eleanor E. Helme. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley.*
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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Cheltenham (Italy).—Bordighera is popular as a winter resort on account of its mild winter climate, The modern Bordighera is most attractive with fine streets and lovely gardens, while the older portion of the town is very picturesque. A hotel with most reasonable prices, which has been strongly recommended to us is the Bellavista with en pension terms from 18 lire per day. Another Italian winter resort is Amalfi, on the Naples Riviera. Facing due south it has a warmer winter climate than that of Bordighera. Many interesting excursions can be made from Amalfi, including those to Capri, Sorrento, and Naples, and the surrounding country is famous for its beauty. The Hôtel Santa Caterina there is excellent, with en pension terms from 29 lire per day. The 2nd-class return fare to Naples from London via the Orient Line is £16. The 2nd-class return fare overland via Folkestone—Boulogne to Vietri, the nearest station to Amalfi, is about £13 4s., which includes the 50 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways.

G., Cornwall (Majorca).—The return fare to Majorca via the Henderson Line is £17, the boats carrying one class only. There is a sailing from Liverpool on December 28. The boats of the Orient Line, which are, of course, considerably larger than those of the Henderson Line, also call at Majorca. Street's Hotel is situated at Son Serra, in the hills above Palma, with which it is connected by rail. If you wish to visit the English library and club several times weekly, you might find it more convenient to stay in one of the suburbs of Palma. El Terreno, for instance, is eight minutes by tram from the town, and a good pension there is La Finca, Calle de Francia 7. Otherwise, for a quiet holiday and scope for walking, Street's Hotel is ideal.

H., Surrey (Madeira).—Madeira has an ideal winter climate—warm, sunny, and equable. The atmosphere tends to be moist rather than dry, and is somewhat relaxing. Light summer clothing should be taken. It is possible to explore the island by car, although the winter is not the best time for such trips, as it is inclined to be wet on the north coast then and clouds gather over the higher slopes of the mountains. The Sea View Hotel in Funchal can be recommended, terms from 9s. per day. Private families do sometimes take paying guests but you would have to enquire concerning such accommodation when you reach Madeira. The Royal Netherlands Steamship Co. quote a special first-class return winter fare to Madeira of £17.

Hints for Travellers

A SEVEN SEAS' CRUISE.

Early in February the Canadian Pacific super-cruising liner, *Empress of Australia*, will leave Monaco on a three-months' sunshine cruise traversing seven of the world's seas, and visiting the near East, East and South Africa, South America, and the West Indies. One of the most interesting features of this cruise is the number of famous and beautiful cities which are included in the itinerary —Naples, Athens, Durban, Cape Town, Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro, Havana, and New York—cities set amidst superlative surroundings, and containing countless attractions for the stranger. Other, and hardly less interesting, ports of call will be Haifa, Port Said, Port Sudan, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Laurenço Marques, Madagascar, Trinidad, and Jamaica. A beautifully illustrated brochure describing the cruise has been issued, and may be obtained free on application to the Canadian Pacific, 62, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Jersey.—Woodville Hotel.—Recently modernized. H. & C. rng. wtr. Elec. light. Special after season terms now available. Res. Prop.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Bohy-Lafayette.—Nr. Opera. Squ. Montholon. Cmft. of de luxe hotel at lwst. rates. Apply for illus. tariff to Mr. J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—All comforts. Full south; garden overlooking sea. Pension from Frs. 55.

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Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—Sunny location. Opp. Borghese Gardens. Remodernized 1934. Pension Lit. 38 Special rates for long stays.

Capri (where Winter is Spring).—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The best on the sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

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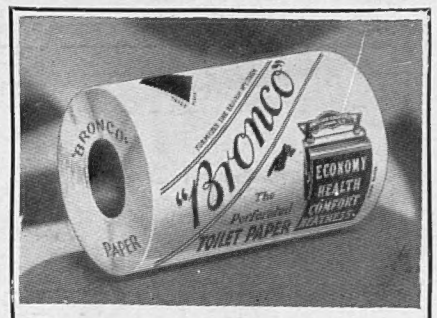

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